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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE new non-intervention proposals of the British Government are another move in the game of delay. They are an ingenious mosaic of rival proposals, which no one for a moment expects to see in operation. They would only work, as the preamble of White Paper says, if they were received by all parties "in a spirit of compromise." And the compromises are of a sort that imply sudden conversion. The essence of the scheme is to satisfy the Fascists by giving Franco belligerent rights on conditions that would please the Spanish Government and its friends. The preliminaries to giving belligerent rights are the establishment of observers in Spanish ports to take the place of the naval patrol and the withdrawal of foreign volunteers. The first of these can be done—though the position of a neutral observer in Cadiz or Valencia makes us smile; the second is the crux of the problem. No one believes that Italy has the slightest intention of withdrawing her "volunteers," even if, in moments of optimism, we can imagine Germany doing so.

### The Effect of the White Paper

The test of the White Paper, then, is the clause governing the withdrawal of volunteers. Recognition of belligerent rights is to become effective when the Non-Intervention Committee places it on record that "the arrangements for the withdrawal of foreign nationals are working satisfactorily, and that their withdrawal has in fact made substantial progress." This opens up a vista of indefinite wrangling. Germany and Italy can always say that there are exiles still fighting for the Spanish Government; France and Russia can quote the document to prevent recognition of Franco as long as German and Italian troops remain in Spain. The danger is that the British Government will at some point give in to Fascist pressure and recognise Franco without any "substantial" withdrawal by Italy and Germany. In the meantime, Germany and Italy will continue to pour in aid to Franco. The proposals again postpone the risk of general war arising out of the Spanish war; they buy a further period of pretence and delay at the expense of the Spanish Republic.

### On the Madrid Front

The counter offensive which began on the Madrid front last week has resulted in a big advance by the Government forces—some 17 miles at its farthest point. The fighting has been fierce both on the ground and in the air; the casualties have been heavy, and in Monday's engagements Madrid claims to have brought down 13 rebel aeroplanes, with the loss of only one on the Government side. As we write, the advance appears to be encountering a stiffer resistance. The object of the offensive was thought at first to be to relieve the pressure

on Santander. But, according to the Spanish Press Agency, it is to cut the rebels' lines of communication and eventually to raise the seige of Madrid. The victory, so far as it has gone, is striking, and seems to be evidence of the quality of the new army which the Republican Government have been training and in which (as Mr. Louis Fischer explains on another page of this issue) they rest high hopes.

### War Clouds Over China

Once more it looks as though the Japanese Army Command had got out of control and decided, no matter how embarrassingly for Prince Konoe and the more sober elements in the Tokio Government, to speed up the conquest of North China. An "incident" arising out of provocative Japanese night manoeuvres near Peking, which led to a minor affray with a detachment of the 29th Route Army, has been made the pretext for preparing what appears to be intended as a punitive expedition on a grand scale. The Japanese forces in the Tientsin-Peking area are being hurriedly reinforced; troops are pouring southwards from Jehol and Manchukuo; and Japanese warships, "to protect nationals" are arriving at the treaty ports. So far, hostilities have been confined to irregular and inconclusive clashes outside Peking; but if, as seems probable, the Japanese Army contemplates the seizure of the five Northern Provinces, the upshot may be a major war. General Sung Cheh-yuan, war-lord in the north and commander of the 29th Army, has hitherto contrived to combine semi-independence from Nanking with an attitude of semi-subservient friendliness to Tokio. But the last word no longer lies with him. Popular feeling in Nanking against Japan is stiffening; the Communists have offered to co-operate with Chiang Kai-Shek in a campaign to liberate North China; and the Nanking Government, in a formal *démarche* at Tokio, has demanded the withdrawal of the Japanese troops. This demand has been rejected, and Tokio has added that mediation by Britain and the U.S.A. would not be welcomed.

### M. Blum Wins

M. Blum had a hard, and at times tempestuous, fight at the French Socialist Congress at Marseilles this week. In the end he secured a substantial majority in favour of the Socialist Ministers remaining in the Chautemps Cabinet, and thus keeping the Front Populaire in effective existence. But the Opposition was strong and vociferous. One section, headed by M. Pivert, demanded immediate withdrawal from the Government; a second, headed by M. Zyromski, desired to impose conditions which the Radicals would have been quite unlikely to accept. In the end, M. Blum won by 2,949 votes against 1,545 for M. Zyromski and 894 for M. Pivert. Incidentally, M. Blum was able to announce in his speech the impending consolidation of the French railways into a single company, with the State as the principal shareholder. On the question of the reform of the Senate he was, as a Minister, necessarily guarded, merely urging the necessity of an agreed solution among the parties of the Left to prevent the Senate from again turning out a Government possessing the confidence of the Chamber. The upshot is that the Front Populaire goes on; but the Socialist dissentients are strong enough to make its continuance depend on M. Chautemps adopting a forward policy.

### Milk to Drink—or to Eat?

In the debate on the Milk Bill last Monday, Opposition speakers again attacked the Government's policy of favouring milk for manufacture against liquid milk. It is, as Mr. T. Williams said, a ludicrous position, when millions of people, who cannot afford it, are forced to pay 2*s.* or more a gallon for milk to drink, while hundreds of millions of gallons are being sold to the factories at a low price under the subsidy. The Minister of Agriculture had no satisfactory answer to this complaint. Particularly unconvincing was his argument that the biggest obstacle to the increased consumption of liquid milk is not poverty, but prejudice, antipathy and ignorance. He quoted in support of this a report by the Agricultural Economic Research Institute, based on investigations in the homes of the people of Oxford. High as our regard is for the Institute, we can hardly be expected to accept the findings of this little investigation as conclusive against the vast mass of evidence on the other side. We are glad to see that the Children's Minimum Committee are again urging the need for more—and cheaper—milk for mothers and infants, and have put before the Minister of Health a scheme of distribution to be carried out by the local authorities, with the assistance of an Exchequer grant.

### The Coal Royalties Mystery

The Coal Royalties Bill got its second reading in the Commons on Tuesday; but heaven knows what it is for. It does not nationalise royalties, or even settle terms of compensation to be applied when they are nationalised. It merely establishes, at the cost of the State, a register of royalty owners; and even this register is to be voluntary and secret, and nothing in it is to bind those who register not to raise further claims later on. One suggestion that has been made is that the Bill's sole purpose is to carry out the letter of the Government's pledge to introduce a Bill this session—a pledge which cannot be implemented in the spirit because the Government is still arguing with the royalty owners as to its terms. A second suggestion, not so very different, is that there is some sort of hanky-panky behind this curious registration scheme, and that in due course we shall learn that the royalty owners are somehow to be released from their pledge to accept the terms of compensation laid down by the recent tribunal of inquiry—terms which were undoubtedly much less favourable than they hoped to get. On either view there seems to be no case for the present Bill, unless it is so amended as to make the proposed register both compulsory and inclusive.

### Towards Economic Planning?

The appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the distribution of industries and population in Great Britain is very much a case of better late than never. By this time a great deal of harm that could have been prevented has been done by the failure to guide or control in any way the localisation of new industries or the spread of population which follows upon it. But though much harm has been done already, plenty remains to be done unless effective measures are taken to prevent it. It is therefore to be hoped that the Commission will be speedy, rather than exhaustive. What is needed from it is not so much a thorough survey of the entire country from

the standpoint of its suitability for different forms of economic development as a quick recommendation resulting in the establishment of a permanent machinery of planning and control. The Commission should at any rate submit promptly an interim report on this point. Otherwise, there is serious danger that it will be still considering what is to be done when the boom ends and the building of new factories comes almost to a stop. In any case, inquiry is only the first step: what is needed is an executive authority with powers wide enough to exert a real control over the growth of industry, and to formulate at any rate the rudiments of a national economic plan.

### The Outlawed Busmen

Mr. Bevin won a handsome victory over the busmen at the Conference of the Transport and General Workers' Union; and the Executive has now followed up its success by expelling three of the busmen's leaders (including Mr. Papworth, himself an executive member) from the Union, and disabling four others from holding any office in the Union for a period of years. These disciplinary measures, much harsher than had been expected, are, of course, primarily a matter for the members of the Union concerned. But it is worth while to remember that the present President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, Mr. Arthur Horner, was once expelled from that body, and that quite a number of erstwhile rank and file leaders who have been disciplined by their Unions have subsequently become important officers of the societies which thrust them out. The most obvious danger of action of this type is that it may lead to a split, and the formation of a rival Union. It is to be hoped that this will not happen in the present case; but the risk remains that a Trade Union which outlaws its militants may become in effect no Union at all, but merely a convenient piece of machinery for the employers to use in keeping their workers in order. After all, Mr. Papworth and his colleagues did not even run an unofficial strike. They acted with the full official endorsement of the Union. Their guilt lay solely in their association with a Busmen's Rank and File Movement, which is under Communist influence.

### Britain's Battle-Roads

The Government's apologia for delays in executing its General Election programme of road reconstruction is unconvincing. Works costing £66,000,000 have been approved; a further £60,000,000's worth is "under consideration"; but only £10,000,000 has so far been spent. It is now clear that the country was led quite erroneously to suppose that the five years' programme proclaimed by Mr. Chamberlain meant the expenditure of an extra £100,000,000. All that the Government proposes to do is to maintain on the average the recent rate of about £20,000,000 a year of road expenditure; and even this inadequate schedule is badly in arrears. Meanwhile, with the numbers of road vehicles in use increasing at the rate of over 150,000 a year, traffic congestion in and near the large centres of population grows worse. Casualties for the half-year are up by 800, and the total approaches a quarter of a million a year. So long as roads are dangerously constructed and dangerously congested, safety devices such as Belisha beacons and speed limits are palliatives, not remedies. On both aesthetic and economic grounds it is entirely undesirable to turn every winding English by-road into a speed-way; but why should the Great North Road be permitted to degenerate, over long stretches, into a narrow, perilous lane? Where traffic is heavy, wider roads with separated tracks and safer junctions are urgently needed on an immense scale. If deaths on the roads are to be diminished, road works cannot be postponed until the next depression.

### British Films

The film industry is riven by internecine war over the Government's plans for its continued protection after the expiry of the 1927 Films Act, next year. It has been definitely promised continuance of the system of renters' and exhibitors' quotas which must be filled by British productions; but there is dissension over the steps which should be taken to eliminate the objectionable "quota quickie," turned out with no regard for merit, simply to meet the renters' quota requirements. The Moyne Committee recommended that no film should be eligible for quota registration that did not satisfy a test of quality, which they proposed should be administered by an independent Films Commission appointed by the Government. The Board of Trade, however, has announced that it is in favour of a cost test. It proposes that no film costing less than £15,000 should be eligible for quota registration, and that films costing over £45,000 should count double in quota reckoning. The "independent" producers and exhibitors are up in arms. This cost test, they argue, would play into the hands of the big-finance producers, particularly those whose control of theatre circuits gives them a bargaining weapon to secure American backing. The inexpensive, "pioneering" British film would be left unprotected; producers of real imagination but limited resources would go to the wall; and the consequent diminution in the number of British pictures made would handicap the "independent" exhibitor in his relations with the powerful, American-controlled renters. On the other hand, it is contended that the imposition of an arbitrary quality test would frighten capital away from the industry, since no producer could guarantee that his projected picture would pass.

### Our Net Sales

We publish to-day an announcement of our net sales for the first six months of 1937. The total of 24,940 copies a week is a certified net sale, reached in accordance with the formula of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. It excludes not only voucher and free copies and returns, but also introductory subscription copies distributed at reduced rates. If these latter are included the weekly net sale amounts to 27,325. A year ago our net sale showed a total of 22,424 which means that we have made steady and satisfactory advance in the past twelve months. We can truthfully claim to have not only the largest net sale, but the largest ever recorded in a weekly of this type. The total, though far short of what we desire, surpasses the expectations of the prophets, since it is considerably larger than the aggregate of the separate circulations of the *New Statesman*, the *Nation* and the *Week-end Review*.

*All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.*
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# ARABS AND JEWS

THE Palestine Report will rank among the great State papers of our time. Its proposals are a profound disappointment to many; but no one can question the honesty and courage with which the Royal Commission have gone about their task, or the ability with which they have presented their case. The problem that they were set to solve was no new one. It was posed twenty years ago, when the Balfour Declaration committed us to the establishment of a National Home for the Jews in Palestine. Its difficulties began to be realised with the coming into force of the Mandate in 1922; but those difficulties, grave as they looked, did not seem insurmountable. It was hoped and believed that Arabs and Jews would be welded into a single Palestinian nation, that out of a conflict of two nationalisms would come a new harmony, a blend of Eastern and Western civilisation. That hope the Commission have now written off as an illusion. The antagonism of the two peoples of Palestine has sharpened, they find, beyond the possibility of reconciliation, and the experiment that was to unite must be abandoned for a policy of separation. It is an unhappy conclusion, but it appears inevitable. It is idle to attribute the blame, as the Zionists do, wholly or mainly to the weakness of the Mandatory Government. The British Government may have been weak on one occasion or another—it has certainly committed blunders in the course of the last fifteen years. But what would "strength" have meant? Surely nothing less than a permanent coercion of the Arabs, which would have involved not only a breach of the terms of the Mandate, but incalculable danger to the peace of the Middle East and the world at large. Arab nationalism has shown itself violent and unscrupulous; but it has been deep-rooted and widespread, and there is no real ground for the belief that, had Great Britain shown a firm hand, it would rapidly have collapsed, or that the Arab leopard would have lain down cosily with the Jewish lamb.

The fundamental causes of the Arab hostility are, as the Report shows, quite clear. They are the Arabs' implacable opposition to the carrying out of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate in their full implications, and the Arabs' fear of Jewish domination, political and economic. Those fears may be exaggerated, but they are genuine and they cannot be argued or conjured away. They have been enhanced by the demands of the Revisionist Jews; they have been little diminished by the assurances of the more moderate Zionists. Nor does the argument that the Jews have brought prosperity to Palestine, and that the Arabs have benefited by this, count for much. The Jews have undoubtedly done a magnificent work in the development of the country, and the Arabs have gained by it. But the Arab nationalists, for their part, will neither admit the facts nor, if they did, would they be grateful. The root of their feeling goes deeper than this; indeed, they are even further embittered (as is common in nationalist movements) by the constant reminder that they are inferiors receiving gifts at the hands of a superior. Jealousy as well as fear plays a large part in this tragedy.

We cannot discuss here all the complications of the struggle which have led to the present deadlock. The deadlock, as the Commission found, is complete, and they can see only one way out of it. To force the Arabs into accepting what they have been making war against (the so-called "disturbances" of last year were in fact open war, not merely or primarily against the Jews, but against the Government) is clearly impossible. They would make war again. Should we then damn the consequences, fight them, disarm them, and hold them down in perpetuity? No British Government in its senses would dream of embarking on such a course. Should we go to the opposite extreme, abandon the Mandate, and clear out of Palestine, as one section of opinion at home would have us do? That also is not practical politics (strategic considerations rule it out, in the present state of the world, at any rate), nor would it be good morals. There remains, then, the separation of Arabs and Jews into more or less watertight compartments. The Commission considered the scheme of "Cantonisation," on something like the Swiss model, but only to reject it as presenting "most, if not all, of the difficulties presented by Partition without Partition's one supreme advantage—the possibility it offers of eventual peace."

Partition, therefore, is the policy they advocate—on the principle not of "divide et impera" but of "divide et placa." The scheme proposed is tentative in many details; but its main lines are definite. Palestine is to be carved into three parts. There are to be independent and self-governing States for the Jews and for the Arabs, and a smaller portion, including the Holy Places, to be retained under Mandate by Great Britain. The proposed Jewish State covers the north and the west, the Arab State the east and south. Its main line of frontier marches with Trans-Jordan, with which it will coalesce under the Emir Abdullah. Since there is a considerable mixture of populations in both of these areas, there will be certain anomalies. Jaffa, for example, on the sea coast of the Jewish State is assigned to the Arabs, and they, as well as the Mandatory, will have access to it through a "corridor." The Arabs will also have access to Haifa, in the Jewish State, for commercial purposes, and the Jews to Egypt and the Red Sea, where the Mandatory will hold an enclave on the Gulf of Aqaba. Tariff conventions between the Jewish and Arab States are recommended, as also is an eventual exchange of land and populations, on the lines of the exchange between Greece and Turkey some years ago. There are to be subventions to the Arab State, to start it as a going concern—a grant of £2,000,000 by the British Parliament and an amount, to be decided on by a Financial Commission, from the Jewish State. Finally, since the new regime cannot be introduced at once, some "transitional" arrangements are necessary, and the recommendations under this head include the prohibition of the purchase of land by Jews within the Arab area, and a temporary restriction of Jewish immigration into the country.

In this bold, and even, as many may think it, desperate plan, there is plenty of contentious matter. Those who believe in internationalism will deplore the wreck of their hopes and the creation in a little country, smaller than Belgium, of two new sovereign States, with a No-man's—or Everyman's—land administered under the British Mandate wedged into the middle. Arabs and Jews, set on the realisation of their national ambitions, object to a scheme that cramps them in their territories—or even, as it

appears to many of them, robs them of what rightfully is theirs. The frontiers as drawn on paper by the Commission may, no doubt, be redrawn at this point or that. They can hardly be redrawn in a way that will satisfy either of the parties, but the scheme may be improved by some adjustments. The Jews lament over Jerusalem, and cry, " what is Zionism without Zion ? " It is clearly impossible that they should have full possession of Jerusalem, which, after all, is a Holy Place to the Moslems, as well as to all Christendom. And, as we understand it, the Jews do not, in fact, quarrel with our remaining as keeper of the Holy Places. But it is not unreasonable that they should ask for control of the new city which they have built up on the edge of the old, and which is now inhabited by 75,000 Jews. This would make still another oddment in the patchwork map that has been devised ; but would it be more odd than the position of Jaffa as part of, though far outside, the Arab State ? The Jews may also claim, what would be more difficult to concede, an addition to their territory in Beersheba. And they will object strongly, unless we are much mistaken, to the proposed subvention by the Jewish to the Arab State, which the Report recommends " as a set-off to the loss of territory the Arabs regard as theirs."

What are the prospects of the plan being carried out—with amendments in some particulars perhaps, but in its essentials as laid down in the Report ? The British Government has adopted it and has already taken the first necessary steps to get the approval of the League of Nations. This prompt decision is all to the good ; there was nothing to be gained and much to be lost by delay and argument. Opposition both from Arabs and from Jews was foreseen by the Commission, and it made itself heard the moment the Report appeared. The Zionist Organisation and the Jewish Agency in Palestine have registered their protest, as they were bound to do. But such a protest does not necessarily spell intransigence, and we believe that the great majority of the Jews will accept Partition as the best solution of the problem that they can hope for. The Arab Higher Committee have also fulminated against the scheme, and have appealed to the four Arab Kings for their support. So far three of these have answered. Ibn Saud's reply is non-committal. The Iraqi Premier has expressed strong disapproval of the plan. The Emir Abdullah takes a favourable view of it—which is not surprising, considering that he is likely to emerge from it not as the subordinate chieftain of Trans-Jordan, but as king of a new and larger Arab State. Nor is this all. The Arab Higher Committee itself has been disrupted, or at least seriously weakened, by the defection of the moderate party under Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, and it looks as if the Mufti of Jerusalem will have his work cut out to hold his extremist front together. There is, of course, a danger that he will attempt to stir up rebellion. But the odds are that counsels of prudence will prevail on him and his friends to take the half loaf they are offered instead of dying in the last ditch for the whole that they have small chance of getting. The half loaf means, in fact, a very solid gain, alike for Arabs and Jews, in the shape of national independence and self-government. From the British point of view Partition, with all its defects, is the fairest and the most hopeful way that we can see of discharging the obligations we undertook so lightheartedly in Palestine.

# THE WAR FROM VALENCIA

[This article, written from Valencia a fortnight ago, is especially interesting in view of the new offensive by the Spanish Government. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE fall of Bilbao has been skilfully used by the new Negrin Government to stimulate enthusiasm at the front and in the rear. This is less strange than would first appear. For the authorities have only to appeal to the indices of progress known to most Spaniards, but ignored or underestimated by outsiders, who see the Spanish civil war as an unbroken chain of loyalist defeats.

The Government's army is now 520,000 strong, exclusive of several brigades in training camps. This force is magnificent in defence, and except in some brigades on the Aragon front the soldiers have fought well in all abortive offensives. But these forward thrusts have so far failed and the army, generally speaking, still lacks offensive powers, less because of insufficient equipment than by reason of poor staff work and undependable commanders. Until a few weeks ago the loyalist forces had no general staff which really functioned as such (General Rojo, although nominally chief-of-staff, was not even in Valencia but on active service at one front), and numerous individual units had no staffs of their own. Miserable communications and woeful signalling intensified this deficiency. Uncoordinated effort resulted. The smashing victory over the Italians in the remarkable battle of Brihuega last March was in large measure due to the brilliant tactics of three generals with much experience, who directed operations from a hill overlooking the field of combat.

Bad staff work is a facet of an inadequate officers' corps. A year has sufficed to transform the green *miliciano* who ran whenever the Moors appeared, into a courageous, stubborn warrior, whose new regular army uniform symbolises the passing of the earlier days of amateurish improvisation and chaotic if colourful military eclecticism. But soldiers must be led, especially when they leave places they know because they have defended them so long and dash forward to attack enemy positions. Officers who remained with the loyalists after Franco's rising frequently proved politically unreliable. Moreover, since the old-time generals, who first commanded the Government army, favoured petty bourgeois types over proletarians and peasants for promotion to officer's rank, even new commanders were often of doubtful quality and loyalty. Under Indalecio Prieto, Negrin's Minister of National Defence, the officers' corps is being purged. But substitutes must be found and trained for those who go into the discard or into less pivotal work, and this is a slow process. Besides, some of the old conservatism remains. Men like Lister, Modesta and Campensino, all Communists (the bulk of fresh talent is Communist) who as divisional commanders ought to be generals, are still majors, partly in conformity with the pre-revolutionary Spanish army code and partly because of their politics.

In the Bilbao campaign, the indifferent politics of the Basque middle-class Nationalist officers, hundreds of whom have since deserted to Franco, and the inferiority of the non-commissioned officers were almost as much of a handicap as the decisive shortage of aeroplanes and other weapons. It was physically impossible to provide the Basques with enough aviation. Hence the collapse of their valiant defence. Yet though the loss of Bilbao has depressed ministers, whose pasts are intimately connected with it, the steady forging of the grand army and the progress of the munitions industry reinforce the optimism which is so congenial to the Spaniard's character.

Loyalist importations of arms have not diminished in recent months. In addition, new and old Spanish plants are yielding a broader flow of modern weapons, and it is confidently expected that the loyalists, who are already assembling foreign aeroplane parts and manufacturing aeroplane motors, will shortly be turning out one domestic-made aeroplane per day. Negrin and Prieto are putting all their energy behind this phase of the

work. The loss of Bilbao with its raw materials creates additional difficulties.

Purchases in countries far removed geographically from Spain will not soon, even when augmented by home production, equal the shipments to Franco which Germany and Italy can make if uncurbed. Since the latest non-intervention agreement went into effect in February, Hitler and Mussolini have vastly increased their supplies of war materials to the rebels, until now the insurgent air force greatly outnumbers that of the Government, while Franco has more arms than his limited man power can use.

In the recent international crisis, when Germany and Italy again withdrew from the Spanish patrol on the absurdly flimsy *Liepzig* excuse, Valencia remained calm despite the Nazi threat to blow it into bits and reduce it to a second Almeria, and the other night, when sirens at 3.15 a.m. heralded an attack, which might have been the threatened German shelling, citizens stood around in front of their houses without availing themselves of the safer refuges. Spaniards are a remarkable people. There is no telling to what heights of resistance and belligerency they may rise.

The loyalist navy and air force were prepared to meet the German attacks and a battle with heavy enemy losses, followed by open warfare between Spain, Germany and Italy, did not seem far-fetched. Although an extension of the civil war to involve all of Europe is a favourite topic with café intellectuals, who think it might relieve Spain from the inequalities of the present struggle, no statesman here contemplates such a prospect without dread, if only because there is no guarantee that the democracies would care to defend Spanish democracy against Fascism aggression. They have not done so in the past year.

Neither the danger of imminent foreign attack nor the obvious necessity of straining every muscle to win the civil war can deter the Spanish loyalists from engaging in the expensive game of party politics, which forces some able persons into inactivity and even obstruction. At present, the Caballero-led Left Socialists (with the exception of Del Vayo, who remained at his post as Commissar of War in charge of army political commissars and as Spain's ambassador-at-large) and the Anarchists are in opposition. This means that they carry on whispering campaigns and sometimes intrigues against the Negrin regime. It is characteristic of the fundamental honesty of Caballero that he did not try to upset the Negrin Cabinet on the issue of the fall of Bilbao, for he must have realised that he himself was more responsible for it than his successor.

Members of the Government attribute this apparent charity to the Opposition's weakness. It is doubtful whether the U.G.T. executive could vote against the Cabinet without provoking a serious split in its ranks. But ministers have stated in conversations with me that even the two big Trade Union federations together could not overthrow the Government because it enjoys the staunch support of the Left Republicans, Right Socialists and Communists, and already has visible achievements to its credit. The fact is that the Trade Unions have made no overt move against Negrin. Indeed, the C.N.T. has asked to be taken into the Cabinet. From being until recently violent critics of the C.N.T., the Left Socialists have suddenly discovered a great affection for the Anarcho-syndicalists, and these in turn feign a new love for Caballero, whose life in office they embittered. This uneasy and unnatural fellowship sows seeds of discord when unity is needed to defeat Fascism, but its power is diminished by Caballero's sinking popularity, Del Vayo's loyalty to the new Cabinet, and Negrin's rigorous campaign against the arbitrary acts of the Anarchists. To find surcease from its effects, the Anarchists seem to be ready to escape even into the Cabinet, but Negrin probably wishes first to complete the Anarchists' disarmament, and the forcible elimination from their ranks of anti-loyalist elements.

Caballero began to forfeit his hold on the people when his failure to take rigorous measures for the defence of Madrid was followed by the Government's hasty departure for Valencia. Since then his retention of high officers, whose incapability or treachery account for the surrender of Toledo, Malaga and lesser centres, his isolation from the masses, whom he refused, despite friendly pressure, to address even once during the many months he headed the Government, his haughty behaviour towards his own colleagues, and the slowness and inflexibility with which he met the problems heaped mountain high all around him, caused many of his supporters to turn against him. This was particularly true of the Communists. Their membership rose buoyantly in the spring. Caballero resented it as though it were aimed against himself. He wavered in his relationship to Russia. He began, late in March, to manifest open hostility towards Communists in the army and a tendency to check the growth of their influence. The Communists, who had previously shielded him from the slightest blame, thereupon attacked him. He accordingly sought the Anarchists as allies. The consequent leniency towards the Anarchists, present critics declare, culminated in the Barcelona affair of the first week of May. Caballero, to be sure, and his four Anarchist ministers prevented that bloody adventure from taking more than its terrible toll of 1,400 dead and 600 wounded. But a wise policy might have prevented all the casualties.

Negrin believes that the essence of wisdom in this case is strength. He may treat with the Anarchists when they are purged and weaker. The Communists overthrew the Caballero Government. They are working hand-in-hand with Negrin.

Negrin is a good executive. Things are getting done quickly where millions feel them—in the army. People also know that he has wiped out private violence, introduced order on highways and streets, and created an atmosphere conducive to civilian and military discipline. These innovations facilitate the fulfilment of the Cabinet's social programme.

Negrin regards himself as a Marxist. He laughed when I told him of a foreign report to the effect that he would return property which has been confiscated from rebel owners. He feels, on the contrary, that the exigencies of war and Spain's future social system require the nationalisation of practically all heavy industrial enterprises—metallurgical, chemical, electrical, etc.—even when tiny. He would have Government ownership of plants employing more than, say, fifty workers, which produce for popular consumption and municipalisation of city transport systems. Fascists' properties are seized outright, but compensation in the form of slowly maturing bonds would be paid for the sequestrated effects of loyalist or foreign owners. Negrin equally favours voluntary agrarian collectivisation. Loans totalling sixty million pesetas have been granted to Collectives and further funds are available for this purpose. They are also receiving farm equipment manufactured in the Soviet Union. At the same time, Negrin contemplates the early reopening of some churches, whose members wish to worship in them. This is in accordance with the democratic principle to which the new Government is passionately devoted. It is to be hoped that further internal political clashes and friction will not crystallise a dictatorship.

LOUIS FISCHER

# A LONDON DIARY

G. D. H. COLE'S *The Popular Front* (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the best political pamphlet I've read for many a long day. It is written with a vigour and power that we have ceased to expect in British politics. Cole really minds about the Popular Front and his arguments need answering. I wonder what sort of reply we shall get from Dalton and Bevin and the other Labour leaders, who so hate all ideas of popular and united fronts. They can scarcely say that Cole is a secret emissary of Stalin. Cole's analysis leads him to conclude that Labour cannot by itself win a parliamentary majority, and I see that Neville Chamberlain is making assurance doubly sure by promising a Redistribution Bill—which will make things worse still for Labour. I remember H. D.

Henderson, when he was editor of the *Nation*, producing a very elaborate statistical argument that Labour could not hope to win a majority. People did not take much notice then because Labour was still increasing its polls and Liberalism was still large enough to be the enemy in a large number of constituencies. To-day, with the obvious failure of the Labour Party to make considerable headway, even in areas where enthusiasm for the National Government has disappeared, you may get a genuine local demand for a union of all the progressive forces. That is the only way a popular front could ever be achieved; electoral arrangements will not be made from the top unless they are demanded locally, but given keen people in the constituencies who want to get a move on, you may some day find a popular front emerging from the rank and file.

* * *

I freely admit that it is difficult to see this happening at the moment. Transport House is winning all along the line. Ernest Bevin has succeeded in doing down the unofficial Left among the busmen—the strike was much more a strike against Bevin than against the L.P.T.B. On the political side the Unity movement has climbed down. It could fill big meetings in places where Labour's front bench champions addressed empty halls and it has still a considerable rank and file following. But the decision not to incur individual expulsion by holding joint meetings with Communists surely amounts to defeat. (I am not impressed by the argument that the Socialist League has only carried out a strategic retreat and disappointed some people who thought they had at length found a way of expelling Stafford Cripps.) The only concession made by Transport House has been to the Constituency Parties who will get seven seats on the Executive elected by themselves and not by the big battalions. This may result in some interesting new blood in the Executive.

* * *

How perfectly it has all worked out from the National Government's point of view! What with the advent of Hitler, Russia's entry into the League and an election to save Abyssinia combined with an arrangement for betraying it, the net result has been to kill the war-resistance movement, isolate the extreme pacifists and, finally, even eliminate any serious Labour opposition to rearmament. With no alternative but to press for sincere League action in the Abyssinian case and collective action against the Fascist International in the Spanish case, the Opposition is caught in a noose. Nothing is to be done to help Spain. Another "Laval-Hoare" deal with Franco is expected in some quarters. According to the well-informed pro-Franco paper, *Le Journal de Genève*, arrangements are already advanced for a plan which would safeguard Basque iron and other British interests in Spain. On the other hand, if this fails and we get into a war, it will simply be to defend British imperial interests. But because it will be anti-Fascist and will have arisen out of the Spanish case, Labour will be neatly lined up behind the National Government, and the press will bring the country in on familiar cries about helping small nations, defending democracy against Fascism and making a war for collective security to end aggression for ever. These phrases would not have been nonsense while the League existed or before democracy was betrayed, but as the situation deteriorates they increasingly become mere springes to catch woodcocks. When you analyse the story you see that Britain has achieved the Totalitarian State by kindness. The National Government has not had to do anything about it. Instead of outlawing the Opposition, which would have been contrary to our traditions, the National Government leaves the suppression of the Left to Mr. Bevin and the Labour Party Executive. So much more efficient and more urbane than to employ youths with rubber truncheons—so urbane indeed that Hitler and Mussolini may not have understood its significance.

* * *

When I am in Cambridge nowadays I approach the Fitzwilliam Museum with fear and trembling. It is now a very beautiful collection, full of interest and excitement even to an ignoramus like me. Yet my knees tremble all the time I am there. This is the strange result of Sir Sydney Cockerell's enthusiastic encouragement to use the great museum of which he is really the creator as well as the curator, and from which he is now retiring. It came about in this way. Not long after the war, when I was still an undergraduate, I was introduced to Cockerell by Graham Wallas, the best of teachers and the kindliest of men, who was then giving the course of lectures in Magdalene, which afterwards became *Our Social Heritage*. Cockerell glared at me and asked what I was reading. I told him History. "Well," he asked, "how often do you go to the Fitzwilliam Museum?" Blushing (I hope) I admitted that I had never been. He looked at me with something that I can only call ferocity, and began a vehement denunciation of history lecturers and history students who did not make use of the Fitzwilliam. No, undergraduates never went to the Museum. It was the fault of the Dons. Dons, he complained, only read books; they became like hermit crabs with eyes atrophied by lack of use. They had no idea of beauty, not even eyes for the raw material of history . . . and he went on to discuss with Wallas a possible plan for making all students of the Humanities frequent the Museum. I was greatly impressed. Here was a man who minded about Art in a way that was new to me. He told interesting anecdotes about his intimacy with William Morris and all the rest of it. But that was not the point. He felt about Art as people used to feel about religion. He thought about it as the stuff of life, and he regarded the Museum, not as an amenity, but as an essential centre of civilised life. A few days later three of us undergraduates resolved to please him by going to the Fitzwilliam. We found Cockerell there himself. I suppose I expected an encouraging smile. What I actually got was a savage glare and a devastating question thrown at my head: "Are you genuinely interested or just curious?" I had no answer, but my friend R., who was an artist, plucked up courage to say that he wanted to see some Rembrandt drawings. Without a word Cockerell led us to a table, sat us down and put portfolios in front of us. We sat there silently looking at the drawings as long as we could bear it and then crept out. I never dared go back as an undergraduate, and when years later I rediscovered the Fitzwilliam, wonderfully transformed, I found that my knees still trembled. I feared that Cockerell would leap out upon me from behind a marble pillar and catch me in the act of mere idle enjoyment.

* * *

You don't need to be an economist to be struck by the extraordinarily haphazard way in which retail distribution has developed in this country. Stroll through any London suburb or provincial town and note the numbers of different kinds of shops—chain stores, co-operatives and "independent" traders: one cannot help wondering whether there is an economically efficient number or not in each category. Actually there is a surprising lack of official information on the subject. Every five years or so the Board of Trade takes a careful count of industrial production, but there is no census of distribution. All we know is that between 1923 and 1935 the numbers of insured persons engaged in the distributive trades rose from one-ninth to no less than one-sixth of the total insured population. Is industry carrying too many distributors at the expense of the ultimate consumer? Commendable enterprise on the part of the British Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce has resulted in an unofficial trial census being taken in six provincial towns, all of the 30,000 population size, but varying in type from Jarrow to Weymouth. The value of the data collected is impaired by the fact that the investigators, lacking statutory powers, could not ascertain the turnover of individual shops and thus measure their efficiency; but, even so, the results are interesting. For instance, out of a total of 4,443 shop premises in the six towns, 3,222 had rateable values under £50—a striking multiplicity of small establishments. Then there are remarkable variations not merely as between towns, but as between classes of goods in the numbers of "selling points" disclosed. Cigarettes can

be bought at 1,973 shops, bread at 854; there are 575 vendors of butcher's meat and pork, but only 64 of fish; would-be purchasers of confectionery, tea, canned goods and mineral waters can satisfy their needs at over 1,000 shops in each case, but (excluding sellers of patent medicines) there are only 71 chemists, 89 florists, 170 wine merchants, 70 booksellers, 28 vendors of perambulators and two dealers in dogs. I can imagine a comprehensive official census of distribution being of great service to every manufacturer of consumers' goods. It would also be in the public interest, since it would elucidate the vexed question whether retail prices include a needless element of overlapping, redundant distributive costs.

* * *

Italian Fascism is more successful than German in maintaining secrecy. The outside world, for instance, knows nothing of the repercussions of the Spanish civil war within Italy. But I am told by those in a position to know that there is a considerable body of Italian opinion which sympathises with the Spanish Republic and regards Italian intervention as a mistake. This attitude is no doubt aided by rumours of continued trouble in Abyssinia and by increased taxes and a rising cost of living. Discontent manifests itself, they tell me, especially in the industrial towns of the north, where inscriptions are chalked up on the walls at night with such slogans as "Down with the war!" "Call our soldiers back from Spain!" On one occasion a large portrait of Mussolini was found in the morning adorned with a red line round his throat. More significant, perhaps, is the increased demand for wireless receiving sets, which can be used for listening in to the Italian broadcasts from Barcelona and Valencia. I am told that in some places the population deserts the streets every evening in order to hear the wireless from 11 to 12 o'clock.

* * *

To meet this development, the Government has reverted to the old methods of the Fascist revolution, redoubling the espionage organisation and drawing up lists of suspected persons, on whose homes squads of picked men make surprise raids at night. Public restaurants and cafés are required to turn off their radios at 11 p.m. People caught in the act of listening to forbidden stations are terribly beaten and then carried off to prison; their receiving sets are smashed. Such gangs of Fascists, I hear, recently undertook a wholesale "cleansing" action in Spezia, for example, where radio sets were demolished in a large number of restaurants. Similar happenings are reported from many towns all over the peninsula, from Lombardy to Sicily. Florence, centre of art and culture and one of the last outposts of the opposition when the Blackshirts first seized the power, has again become the scene of reversions to the use of the knotted lash and castor oil as more effective weapons than the law courts. Publicly and officially this indiscriminate housebreaking and corporal punishment without trial are referred to as a praiseworthy revival of the old traditions and "first principles" of Fascism.

* * *

The following story reaches me from a reliable source. When Mr. Lansbury went to see Hitler a number of important people waited impatiently in the ante-room. One of them complained of the length of time that this Englishman was occupying. A young Nazi on duty said: "No, it is good, he is bringing us the Colonies."

CRITIC

# FOODS THAT DISGUST US

As one who was brought up in a non-horse-eating country, I could not help congratulating myself on not being a German when I read that German housewives have just been urged to "bring horse-meat more often to the table." Unless I were starving, I could no more sit down voluntarily to a dish of horse-meat than to the roast leg of a baby.

Yet I cannot produce a single good reason for my dislike of horse-eating. It is not that I dislike the taste of horse-meat, for, so far as I know, I have never tasted it. Nor do I think it rational to defend my antipathy by saying that the horse is in a special way the friend of man and therefore should be spared the indignity of being eaten by him. This is mere sentimentalism. Human beings have made friends of many of the animals—lambs and pigs, for example—and yet have gone on eating them. Mary had a little lamb, I am sure, not only on her way to school, but on her plate. Everybody loves ducklings ecstatically in the first few weeks of their existence, yet a little later all this love is forgotten when one of the brood is brought to the table with an accompaniment of green peas. If men are to shrink from eating the animals they love, they have no choice but to become vegetarians. But it is not because I shrink from eating the animals I love that I would rather be a vegetarian than eat horse. It is simply because abstinence from horse-meat has become so cherished a habit with me that I would prefer almost any other course to giving it up.

While there are no good arguments against horse-eating, however, some of the arguments in favour of it seem to me equally absurd. The latest German argument in favour of it, for example, is that horse-eating is "an old cultural custom." If old cultural customs are to be followed, there are cultural customs even older than horse-eating that call for revival—human sacrifice and cannibalism. It was the Christian Church, according to the German advocate of horse-eating, that put a ban on horse-meat, and it is only on religious grounds, it seems to me, that we can reasonably object to the consumption of human flesh. If paganism is restored, what possible objection can there be to carrying out Swift's "modest proposal" to sell human infants for food? What more scientific method could be devised of keeping the population within reasonable limits? It is a more humane way of keeping down the population than war, and it has certain points of superiority over birth-control, being less likely in the end to atrophy the creative instinct. It is true that we dislike the idea of eating a fellow-man, but is our abstinence from human flesh more than a habit lazily imitated from the practice of our more religious ancestors? It is obviously not a deep-seated instinct, since in many parts of the world human beings show no repugnance to eating each other. And if, as nearer home, human beings have no objection to killing each other, I do not see why they should object so strongly to eating each other. "I think," said Montaigne, of his own cruel days, "there is more barbarity in eating a live than a dead man, in tearing on the rack and torturing the body of a man still full of feeling, in roasting him piecemeal and giving him to be bitten and mangled by dogs and swine (as we have not only read, but seen within fresh memory, not between old enemies, but between neighbours and fellow-citizens, and, what is worse, under the cloak of piety and religion) than in roasting and eating him after he is dead." There is much to be said for cannibalism, indeed—more at least than can be said for some of the practices of modern Europe. For one thing, nearly everybody who has eaten human flesh is agreed that its taste is delicious.

I doubt, however, whether, even if paganism becomes universal, I shall be able to get over my antipathy to cannibalism. I admit that it is irrational—the mark of a slothful and unexperimental nature—but I can no more control it than I can control my dislike of eating frogs' legs and snails. I have eaten snails—once—but I could almost have won the V.C. with the same effort. I should put it down as the bravest deed of my life. Yet the Frenchman is as highly civilised a being as I am—perhaps more so—and he enjoys these horrors as smilingly as an old-world South-Sea-Islander enjoyed a cut from the joint of a missionary. As for frogs' legs, my friends commend them as being rather better than chicken, but I am sure I shall go to my grave without eating them. The reason? Sheer narrow-minded bigotry about food.

In narrow-mindedness about food, however, I am not alone. It is almost the rule in the human race. Consider how the ordinary Englishman mocks the Scotsman's haggis,

and how squeamishly and wry-mouthedly he nibbles at a spoonful of it if he is foolish enough to dine with a Scotsman on St. Andrew's Day. I have seen a man go green even when a fine blood-pudding was set down before him. Having never seen a black-pudding before, he was as deeply horrified as if he had been offered a ragout of dogs' flesh. Some people have the same sickly emotions on being given tripe for the first time. Many go through life without ever being able to overcome a loathing of oysters. Others cannot abide stewed eels. It was a considerable time before I myself could feel happy in presence of a dish of sweetbreads. They were not an accustomed dish in my home, and in matters of food I have seldom liked the unaccustomed. When I came to London, I saw turnip-tops served in a restaurant for the first time in my life, and I rejected them with disgust.

It is all the stranger that, though I am indulgent to my own aversions in regard to food, I am impatient of the equally irrational aversions of other people. I can scarcely forgive women for their hatred of onions. The onion, it seems to me, is the noblest of the vegetables, breathing the spirit of an exquisite cleanliness, luxuriously stinging the palate, sending the purified blood dancing through the veins. It is a vegetable without a vice. It is even said to induce healthy sleep and to be a cure for colds. Yet nine women out of ten detest it. They say that it smells abominably—one of the grossest fictions that have ever imposed themselves on mortals. An onion-loving man finds himself avoided at dances. I myself gave up dancing at an early age, largely because I had to choose between dancing and onions. I have heard it said that the smell of onions can be taken away if, after eating them, you eat a little raw parsley, and I have been told that there are onion-eaters of a compromising sort who, fearing what women may think of them, are for ever eating parsley. This I regard as evidence of a lack of spirit. The onion-lover ought to stand up for his principles and to do all in his power to make the onion popular and to compel its recognition as a vegetable fitted for the most refined company. After all, there used to be women who disliked the smell of tobacco. By continually smoking in their presence, however, men taught them first to endure it and then to love it and even to smoke themselves. If women can be compelled to accept and ultimately to enjoy tobacco, there is no reason why they should not be compelled to accept and ultimately to enjoy onions. Let the good work begin.

There are some forms of food, on the other hand, that I should like to see abolished—most of all, fat. I am always sorry for any human being whom I see eating fat. It is not only that I feel that he is making a rather disgusting object of himself, but that I cannot help suspecting that he is poisoning himself. I have a theory—a theory which I have not yet been able to give a scientific basis—that fat-eating is the cause of half the illnesses of humanity. If I were a doctor the first thing I should do, when called in to see a patient, would be to forbid him to eat fat. The love of fat, I am certain, is against nature. It is a vicious taste forced upon human beings in their infancy on the pretence that fat is good for them—an argument invented by miserly parents eager to find some inexpensive way of taking off the edge of their children's appetites. I should like to see the question of compulsory fat-eating in early life taken up by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Charles Lamb has told us how loathsome fat was considered by the boys at Christ's Hospital in his day. "L. has recorded," he wrote, "the repugnance of the school to gags, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in equal detestation.

In their instinctive hatred of fat, I am sure, children are wiser than their parents, and I should feel happier if this racial poison were banned from the family table. Fat-eating may be as old a cultural custom as eating horse-meat, but it is none the less disgusting on that account. I would rather, indeed, see a German eating horse-meat than Mrs. Jack Sprat showing off her prowess as a gag-eater. But I should not like to see either of them. I should prefer to sit at table with a really sensible woman, both of us eating steak smothered deep in onions.

Y. Y.

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to F. C. J.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

**Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.**

Queen Elizabeth, who has a natural equipment of dignity, friendliness and charm of manner, is a great reader, and keeps well abreast of what is happening in the literary world. Her taste is for biography and travel, rather than for fiction. But this, perhaps, is natural, since she had, as a very small girl at school, won prizes for literature and essay writing; and at the age of fourteen she passed the Junior Oxford examination. Hence, it is only appropriate that she should be an Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and an Hon. LL.D. of the Universities of Belfast, Glasgow and St. Andrews.—*Landmark.*

I have just read the letter by a correspondent who declares that he cannot understand how anyone can really *love* an animal. *I* can understand any animal-lover being torn between her duty to her husband and her *duty* (I emphasise the word) to her animal friend. Animals *are human* . . .—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

In a tribute to the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, he said: "The Earl Marshal may be young, but he is a very great person indeed. He is a born leader of men, and he has, as all of you have witnessed at both the funeral and the Coronation, shown a great personality and a great capacity for taking part in these ceremonials.

"Not the least of his great qualities is that he entirely trusted those who served him, and he left to us who assisted him in the main the whole responsibility of running the ceremonial, and, while we were able to consult him at any moment, he never took up the flower to see how it was growing."—Sir Gerald Wollaston, reported in *Daily Telegraph.*

She said that "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was the tale of a young man who, full of high ideals, was influenced by a girl of the worst type—a fancy girl of no morals. "For the sake of the future mothers of our race," declared Mrs. Potts, "this type of film should be suppressed."—National Council of Women garden party, reported in *Hornsey Journal.*

## THE MARRIAGE BILL

[In view of the general confusion in the public mind about whether the Marriage Bill does or does not improve the present divorce law, we have asked Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, one of the best-known legal experts on divorce and author of *Divorce* (Methuen), to explain, in simple terms, the legal changes which the Bill will make if it finally becomes law in its present form. [The article goes to press before the Report stage in the House of Lords.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

IT may be useful to take stock of the present position reached by the Marriage Bill. As originally drafted the Bill embodied all the recommendations of the Royal Commission both as to divorce and nullity. For instance, it contained facilities for divorce on the grounds of a life sentence or habitual drunkenness; but these last two provisions have been cut out by the Commons and not restored by the Lords.

The Bill originally contained provisions obviously intended to soften clerical opposition such as the provisions (1) that there should be no divorce (as opposed to separation or nullity) for five years, (2) that it should be the duty of the Court to inquire into collusion so that a judge may cross-examine a petitioner on the affidavit in which he or she at present swears that there is no collusion, and (3) that no clergyman can be

compelled to lend his church for remarrying a divorced person whether innocent or guilty.

Many peers wished to abolish the five years period altogether; but in Committee there was a compromise to the effect that the period shall be reduced to three years and that in a case of exceptional hardship the Court may have discretion to grant a decree. Certain miscellaneous provisions have remained, such as the possibility of obtaining a decree for presumption of death after seven years and that both husband and wife may apply to a court of summary jurisdiction for a separation on the ground of adultery. Anyone may obtain a separation on grounds which would justify a divorce and subsequently apply for divorce on the same grounds; but the Court may require further evidence. If a petitioner does not apply to make a decree absolute within three months of being able to do so, the respondent may go to the Court and claim to have the decree made absolute.

The House of Lords has amended the Bill most usefully in regard to legitimating the possible children of certain marriages which are annulled either on the ground of mental deficiency or on the ground that the respondent was suffering from venereal disease. This follows the precedent of the Canon Law and can also be justified by the doctrine that under English law a marriage until annulment is not void but only voidable.

One curious alteration was made in the House of Lords in regard to homosexuality. As the Bill was originally drafted it contained a definition clause to the effect that a divorce could be obtained for any unnatural or indecent offence. I pointed out at the time that, although this clause had probably been instigated by feminist influence, it had the double-edged effect that a man might be able to divorce a homosexual wife. The clause, however, disappeared in the House of Commons and the law remained as it was, namely, that it could only apply to a husband in respect of sodomy. Lord Dawson of Penn strongly urged that homosexual practices should be made a case for divorce so as to promote equality of the sexes in this respect; but the Lords would not accept his amendment so the law in this respect stands exactly as it did in 1857, unless any change is made on Report. It may be remembered that in 1922 the Lords rejected a Bill of the Commons making female homosexuality a criminal offence.

The reformers have won their battle so far as making three years' desertion, cruelty, and five years' incurable insanity grounds for divorce, and they can also congratulate themselves on the valuable clauses for annulling marriage on the grounds of (*a*) wilful refusal to consummate the marriage, (*b*) that either party was at the time of the marriage of unsound mind, (*c*) that the respondent was at the time of the marriage suffering from venereal disease, and (*d*) that the respondent was at the time of the marriage pregnant by some person other than the petitioner.

These are subject to the following qualifications: (1) that the petitioner was at the time of the marriage ignorant of the facts alleged; (2) that proceedings are instituted within a year from the date of the marriage, and (3) that marital intercourse has not taken place since the discovery by the petitioner of the existence of the grounds for a decree.

There seems no particular reason why the Commons should quarrel with the amendments of the Lords which were made after debates which reached a high level of legal capacity and practical wisdom. Many reformers will regret the rejection of Lord Halsbury's amendment to the effect that if two spouses have wilfully separated for a period of at least three years and have then declared before a Registrar that they have no intention of ever coming together again, they should be entitled to a divorce.

Lord Halsbury's amendment, moved in an admirable speech, was rejected on the ground that it amounted to divorce by consent, subject though it was to three years' continuous separation and a fixed determination of both parties never to cohabit again. The rejection of the amendment is due to nothing but the survival of the ecclesiastical tradition that married people should be treated not as reasonable adults, but as naughty children who have wantonly broken vows and who should be compelled to cohabit unless one of them can be regarded as "innocent" and the other "guilty." The amendment would have abolished the "hotel bill" scandal, except for people who did not want to wait three years.

The acceptance of the amendment, however, would probably have caused trouble with the Commons and jeopardised the valuable reforms which have been achieved. The fact remains that if two married people are unalterably determined to part, any law can be made flexible to the wisdom of lawyers as opposed to the unwisdom of legislators.

One important problem remains unsolved by Parliament. The King's Proctor still remains as a charge on the national revenue, though, as Lord Alness pointed out, the Scots Courts find such an official unnecessary for the purpose of detecting collusion because they financially reward any respondent for exposing the guilt of any petitioner. But how is the King's Proctor, except by a prodigious expansion of his staff, to detect all the possibilities of collusive cruelty and desertion as well as collusive adultery? These are not times in which public money can be wasted, and on a popular vote social services and rearmament would certainly rank before the claims of an espionage which in Scotland is considered unnecessary, and which is distasteful even to the officials concerned in it, as Lord Desart pointed out to the Divorce Commission in 1911. Probably the department will receive no more money than it now receives and will merely continue as a sop to the superstition of collusion!

E. S. P. HAYNES

# Correspondence

## A REPLY TO MR. DUTT

SIR,—I do not propose to discuss with Mr. Palme Dutt whether I am a Girondin; that would help him to evade the tragic issue in dispute between us. I pointed out in *Reynolds News* that the Russian documents on the alleged treason of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the eight generals are in flat contradiction on every matter of fact. Voroshilov, addressing the Russian public, said that they sold military secrets for money, wrecked military material and plotted to ensure an early defeat of the Red Army. The Stalin Memorandum, addressed to the allied Czech Government (summarised in the *News Chronicle* of June 23rd, with confirmation on July 12th), reassured it by stating that they betrayed no secrets, took no money, and planned to keep Russia out of war; they had, however, questionable dealings with the chiefs of the Reichswehr and were opposed to the Stalin-Litvinov line in foreign policy and particularly to alliances with bourgeois States. Mr. Dutt replied that the latter document (though its whole argument is that Russia is now a more reliable ally than before), is a Fascist forgery. Of this absurd contention "Critic" has sufficiently disposed. Mr. Dutt has ignored my challenge to put its authenticity to an easy but conclusive test.

About Voroshilov's story Mr. Dutt, though he has answered me at length in three periodicals, has said not a single word. The same contradiction, however, appears *within* this document. It underlines the charge that the generals were venal traitors, who sold themselves for money. Yet it also insists that their motive was political. Their plot was linked with that of the other "Trotskyite-Zinovievite gangs"; they are said to have been tools of "the bestial Fascist Trotsky"; their "ultimate aim" was to restore capitalism. One knows the type of down-at-heel soldier who sells secrets for cash. One also knows the type of general in a revolution who turns sharply to the right and restores something of the old order, a General Monk, or a Napoleon. They do not inhabit the same skin; they are diametrically opposite types.

I am not writing as the posthumous advocate of Tukhachevsky, for though I knew him and liked him many years ago, I do not know how he may have developed in the interval. It is probable that he differed sharply from Stalin over his recent policy, that he followed an independent line of his own, and committed indiscretions (to use no stronger word) that would have justified dismissal

or removal to another post—though I should like to hear his defence. Stalin's accusation that he was an old-style Bolshevik is much more probable than Voroshilov's, that he was a Fascist.

What is wholly incredible is the charge of venal treason. Can anyone believe that nine soldiers, holding the highest commands in an army which their work had raised to a splendid level of efficiency, sold its secrets, sabotaged its defences and worked for its defeat? Since Mr. Dutt likes French parallels, let us put it thus: some say that Tukhachevsky was a budding Dumouriez, others that he was a Napoleon who fumbled his stroke. I think either theory improbable, but not incredible; in past revolutions brilliant and successful soldiers have behaved in both these ways. But Voroshilov represents him as a hybrid, a mule of a type unknown to zoology, a combination of Napoleon with Esterhazy—the penurious, dissipated, half-pay major who sold French military secrets to Germany and then charged Dreyfus with his own crime. That is manifestly a stupid calumny; yet it is the charge on which the eight were shot.

What is at stake here is the reliability of Soviet justice in political affairs. My mind turns back to other cases that display the same technique. I can believe that some of the victims of the Purge whom I happened to know were at least in potential opposition; it is conceivable that some may have been mentally ready for a *coup d'état*, though I doubt whether anyone has planned it yet, or even fused this variegated potential opposition into a single group capable of action. But that these men wrecked trains by the thousand, poisoned cattle with cholera germs, plotted scores of murders without ever managing to fire a shot—all this is melodrama that would be comic were it not the excuse offered to the credulous Russian public for the massacre of hundreds of men whom it lately respected as its leaders. This is a terror based on lies.

I will confess that one of Mr. Dutt's numerous judgments on my character and record stung me. He denied that I have been a good friend to Soviet Russia. I might remind him that I was sentenced to imprisonment and a fine for an early effort to help the Russian Revolution, but he was then in the nursery. I might call on the former representatives of the Soviet Union in London to speak for me, but one has been sentenced to death, and the others exiled and disgraced. It consoles me somewhat that Lenin once thanked me for a service I had the good fortune to render. But I can call no witnesses. Several of his lieutenants heard what he said and echoed it, but Mr. Dutt's friends have "liquidated" them to the last man.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Monks Risborough.

## BRITISH POLICY IN SPAIN

SIR,—Whatever our policy ought to be over the Spanish War, whether the delaying policy approved of by Mr. Keynes or some other more active one, we ought at least to be clear in our own heads as to the issues involved.

Mr. Eden has declared several times that whatever party wins the war in Spain will be grateful to England for her neutrality, and that our influence will gain in consequence. Reading behind the lines this means that if Franco wins he is expected to turn towards us "to save him from the Italians." Is this expectation of the Foreign Office a plausible one?

History shows that since 1814 the only principle of Spanish foreign policy has been to ally itself with other States of the same political complexion as itself. Reactionary governments have allied themselves with reactionary States and liberal governments with liberal States. In a country as unstable as Spain has been for the last hundred and thirty years, where the only means of changing government has been by revolution, this policy would seem natural.

To give some examples—in 1814, as soon as Ferdinand VII returned from exile, he gave the cold shoulder to the British in spite of their Tory Government, and allied himself with Russia and the other States of the Holy Alliance. This policy (which was directly contrary to Spanish interests since it sealed for them the loss of their colonies) was reversed during the three years of constitutional government (1820–1823). Then a French army under the Duke of Angoulême invaded Spain and restored autocracy. One half of this army, 45,000 men, remained in Spain for five years at Ferdinand's request and till his death in 1833 British influence was very low. Under the liberal regime of Queen Cristina that followed nothing was done in Spain without the advice of the British Ambassador and, far from quarrelling with us when the Carlist war was over, our influence remained strong until 1843, when the liberal dictator Espartero was driven out and replaced by a Conservative dictator, Narváez. Then there was another *volte-face*, and a few years later our Ambassador was given his passports and we were unrepresented at Madrid for several years.

As Spain had then no colonial ambitions and as her alliance in war would have been practically useless, these variations were not of much consequence to other countries. Now, however, the case is different. The Civil War, which began as a revolt of the Conservative classes, has led on Franco's side to a Fascist revolution. The Fascist programme includes the carving out of a Spanish Empire in French Morocco, the acquisition of Gibraltar and a close alliance with Italy to obtain these ends. If Franco wins there is some doubt as to whether the social programme of the Falange will be carried out; Conservative opposition is likely to overrule it, but their foreign policy (to which they attach great importance) appears to have been accepted by most Spaniards on the Right, not only as a good thing in itself but as calculated to bring Spaniards together over something they can all agree about, distract attention from hopeless economic difficulties and help them to forget the firing squads. It seems almost certain therefore that, however impartial or even friendly we may endeavour to be, Spain will, if Franco wins, ally herself closely to Italy and be ready to play her full part as ally if there is a war. That her intervention, coming perhaps not at once but at some critical moment later, might be entirely fatal to France and England, is fairly obvious; even her hostile neutrality would be a handicap. And there is an even graver question—might not the assurance of Spanish support decide Mussolini to precipitate a war whilst the position in the Mediterranean was so favourable to him?

To do the Foreign Office justice, this situation is a fairly new one. Had Franco taken Madrid last October, as almost everyone thought he would, Spain would probably have reverted to its familiar type of government under a military dictator; the Fascist revolution would not have gone so far and the Foreign Office's hope of buying the new government off with a loan might perhaps have worked. Now that chance has gone for good, and the sooner it is understood by everyone the better.

Although I belong to Mr. Keynes' way of thinking and would prefer to sit by and see Spanish democracy destroyed rather than run any risk of European war, I cannot help feeling that there are occasions when even direct intervention is less dangerous to peace than abstention. Is this one of them?

Ley Park, GEORGE BEATON

Welcombe, Bude.

## LONDON MATRICULATION

SIR,—Sir Ernest Graham-Little's letter seems to show that he does not quite realise the gravamen of the case against the University. The Matriculation Examination is for the purpose of testing a candidate's intellectual suitability for Matriculation, i.e. for inscription on the roll of University students. The conditions are prescribed by the University with regard to its academic requirements, but the examination, being open to all candidates over the age of 16, has become in the eyes of the public simply a test of general education, although its conditions are not at all necessarily identical with those required for a business or professional career. The University connives at this misuse of its examination and by associating the Matriculation requirements with the School Certificate Examination accentuates the evil This latter was intended to be a school leaving examination taken at about the age of sixteen, but the University was associated with it and prescribed that a child who passed with "credits" (i.e. at a higher standard) and in five subjects selected more or less in accordance with the Matriculation examination regulations would be qualified for "Matriculation." It was of course still open for children to obtain a school certificate without the Matriculation requirement, but owing to the widespread misconception by the professional and business classes to which I have referred above, the Matriculation became the main aim of all those taking the examination—or rather of their teachers and parents. And thus the education of children was distorted to force them to pass, at an age often much below 16, an examination equivalent to the Matriculation examination which could only be taken after 16, and which would qualify them to join the University at 17–18 (which is the usual age of acceptance at a college), although they may not have the slightest intention of proceeding to a university at all. (It is true, as Sir Ernest states, that the University will not formally grant the required exemption before the age of 16 is attained, but it then does so on the result of the

examination taken before that age and so definitely endorses the practice). It is obviously unsatisfactory that an examination taken at perhaps 14 or 15 should qualify for admission to a University College at 17–18; either the standard is too low for University requirements or it is too high to expect from the child.

The result is a cramping of the curriculum, so that intellectual and cultural education outside the five sacred "credits" are forced out of the child's school world, and he (or she) leaves school convinced that the entire aim of education is to pass examinations.

The principal reform now being urged from many quarters is the entire separation of the Matriculation requirements from the School Certificate, which, with its wider scope, should by itself stand for the recognised test of general education at the end of the school career; and, further, the restriction, to those definitely aiming at a University course, of the Matriculation test, which in my opinion, should be taken at the age of approximately 17 or over (the college joining age), I realise the peculiar problems of the "External" students but I think that the recent registration regulations should make it possible to meet their difficulties fairly and in any case there seems to be no reason why desirable reforms should be postponed in order to please such students in a preferential position.

With regard to the financial arguments, I do not think that it is anywhere suggested that the University is trying to force schools to take the Matriculation examination itself instead of the School Certificate. The point is rather that, if the latter be entirely separated from the matriculation requirements (and possibly cease to be conducted by the University) and the entry to the Matriculation restricted, a substantial financial loss would result to the University, and that it is the fear of this loss which is weighing heavily, or even too heavily, with the University in considering this problem. While there may be some ground for this fear, I cannot myself feel that the University would sacrifice the interests of both school and university education for such reasons, but it would be well in my opinion for the authorities to take speedy steps to remedy the present abuses of the system, and to take the lead rather than meekly to follow the erroneous conceptions of the non-university world. It should at least make a clear statement of its policy, even if some time must elapse before it can be put wholly into effect.

"MEMBER OF CONVOCATION"

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SIR,—It is very obliging of Mr. W. E. M. Llewellyn to explain—at such length—to your readers what Mr. Lees-Smith really meant but did not say. Mr. Llewellyn must forgive me if I prefer the authorised version, and I submit I dealt sufficiently with that in your last issue.

Mr. Lees-Smith's suggestion was that, if what Mr. Llewellyn calls the "School Matriculation Examination," that is to say the "School Certificate with credits," were eliminated, the ordinary "School Certificate Examination," conducted by the University would take its place and all would be well. I pointed out that if that adjustment were made the University would lose no appreciable profit and its withers are unwrung. Mr. Llewellyn seems to agree with me in thinking that employers would not accept this substitute with the same readiness as they accept the School Matriculation. Mr. Llewellyn rightly points out that the real villain of the piece is the Board of Education, which imposes compulsory examination on pupils in schools, and he goes on to demand relief "from any sort of School Examination conducted by the University of London School Boards." It is plain that he is going far beyond the "reform" contemplated by Mr. Lees-Smith, who as an ex-president of the Board shares responsibility for its activities. Mr. Llewellyn does not make clear what, if any, examinations he would keep as a school-leaving test. If his aim is to abolish all examinations he is surely beating the air, and reasoned argument with him is useless.

In conclusion, I would refer Mr. Llewellyn to the Secretary of the Matriculation and Schools Examination Council of the University, who would be the proper person to supply him with the statistics which he demands from me.

House of Commons. E. GRAHAM-LITTLE

## LIGHTNING STRIKE AT THE LAW COURTS

SIR,—With regard to the paragraph in "A London Diary" in your issue of Saturday last, I am asked by my Chairman to request that you allow me to make it clear that there was never any suggestion that the Press Association Board would not agree to a deputation being received. Having already prepared a report of the matter for the Board, the Editor-in-Chief offered to submit any representations on behalf of the member of the staff concerned which the N.U.J. might care to make in writing, and said he would put before them the request for a deputation. The Board was meeting on the Tuesday, yet the men struck work the previous day.

Your Diarist asks why the reporter was "dismissed," if the failure to report the case generally was caused by the feeling that because the pleadings were so complicated an abbreviated report would be misleading. The answer is that the case raised such important issues that the daily hearings were of interest to the newspapers generally, that consequently there would have been no need for undue brevity, and that, in fact, reports of reasonable length were being done for two or three Provincial papers, as well as for "Lloyd's List."

H. C. ROBBINS,
General Manager
The Press Association, Ltd.,
23 St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4.

## THE ACTIVITIES OF COLONEL BECK

SIR,—As the London Correspondent of the leading Polish independent daily which on many occasions has freely criticised the foreign policy of successive Polish Governments, I am not concerned in the defence of M. Beck, who can very well look after himself, but as a fellow journalist I am entitled to say that Mr. Dell's abuse of the Polish Foreign Minister goes beyond the bounds of responsible journalism.

The generalities in which Mr. Dell indulges must appear ludicrous in the eyes of every informed student of Polish and European affairs. Unfortunately the majority of people are not well-informed students and consequently Mr. Dell's imposition on their ignorance calls for a strong rebuttal.

Mr. Dell's awe-inspiring story begins with the statement that "Colonel Beck . . . has been one of Hitler's most active agents since he was appointed to his present office more than four years ago." But in the course of his article he records the following examples of the "agent's" performance on behalf of his "master":

1. In the spring of 1933, just after the signature of the Four-Power Pact, the late Marshal Pilsudski (whose Foreign Minister Colonel Beck then was) proposed to the French Government joint intervention to prevent the rearming of Germany.
2. In October, 1933, when Germany left Geneva, Pilsudski repeated to the French Government the proposal that he had made in the spring. Again the French Government refused. . . .
3. In March, 1936, when Hitler sent the German troops into the demilitarised zone, the Polish Government told the French Government . . . that if France mobilised and Hitler did not withdraw, the troops of Poland would at once go to the aid of France.
4. Since 1933, Colonel Beck has been for all practical purposes the representative of Hitler on the Council of the League of Nations.
5. Colonel Beck has no more confidence in Hitler than Hitler has in him. Each of them is prepared to play the other false whenever it suits him, and each knows that the other knows it.

How Mr. Dell can acquire these five "facts" quoted above is a mystery, because if they prove anything, it can only be the equally absurd notion that for the last four years the Polish Foreign Minister has been making frantic efforts to provoke a Franco-Polish war against Germany.

It would be waste of time to refute in detail Mr. Dell's Beckomaniac presentation of Polish policy. If instead of emulating in this respect M. Pertinax and Madame Tabouis he would take the trouble to study Poland's reasons of State by which Polish policy is actually determined, he would see for himself that by her far-sighted policy inaugurated by the late Marshal Pilsudski and continued ever since—which culminated in the conclusion of the ten-year Non-aggression Pacts both with Soviet Russia and Germany—Poland has made one of the greatest contributions to European security. Moreover, by her efforts to bring the States of Central Europe which separate Russia and Germany into one neutral *bloc*, Poland is trying to construct the most solid basis for the repeatedly declared and universally approved British policy of preventing the formation of two ideological *blocs* in Europe. Unless Mr. Dell believes that a downright good anti-fascist war is better than the inconclusive peace which we are enjoying now, he cannot blame Poland's foreign policy for trying to avoid it at all costs.

Mr. Dell writes at considerable length on Poland's policy with regard to Czechoslovakia and tries to prove that out of hostility towards that country Poland refused to join in the Eastern Pact of mutual assistance, because "she would not guarantee Czech

frontiers." I am a sincere friend of Czechoslovakia and deplore the pettiness which disturbs the relations between the two sister nations, but this fact does not entitle Mr. Dell to quote the non-existent Polish hostility to Czechoslovakia as the sole reason for the failure of the Eastern Pact. If he knew Polish history he would appreciate that Poland cannot and will never sign a pact which would create even the remotest possibility of either Russian or German troops entering Polish territory, either as allies or enemies.

Mr. Dell's latest contribution to the European confusion can best be described by characterising his statements—to paraphrase Lord D'Abernon—as mendacious in their positive assertions and misleading in their innuendoes and insinuations.

Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3. F. B. CZARNOMSKI,
London Correspondent of the Kurjer Warszawski.

## INSURANCE EMPLOYEES

SIR,—In congratulating you upon your excellent Insurance Supplement, I would call attention to a serious question which affects thousands of insurance clerical employees.

Although collective bargaining is now firmly established in practically every industry of the country, in the insurance world Trade Union activity is discouraged in a considerable number of insurance offices.

At the present time the Guild of Insurance Officials is engaged in a struggle for recognition by several composite insurance offices. Despite the fact that over 2,500 clerical employees of the "Commercial Union" group, i.e. a majority of those employed, have requested us to negotiate for improved remuneration, yet the management of the company will not agree even to discussing the matter with us.

Insurance offices that have recognised the Guild pay tribute at their annual meetings to the value of the resulting co-operation between the management and staff.

Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will have no sympathy with the reactionary attitude of those insurance companies that deny to their employees the right to collective bargaining recognised by law. Material assistance could be rendered to the Guild in its struggle if your readers would place their insurances only with companies which recognised collective bargaining.

N. BERNARD GRIEVE,
General Secretary.

Guild of Insurance Officials,
79 Queen Street, C.4.

## VISAS FOR SPAIN

SIR,—It is difficult to conceive on what grounds the Foreign Office has refused visas for Spain to the writers who wish to attend the International Writers Conference in Valencia if, as has been stated in the press, visas are granted to business men. It is surely part of the legitimate business of writers to attend conferences of this sort, and it is to be deplored that obstacles should be put in their way at the present time, when it is particularly urgent that no opportunities for closer international understanding and co-operation should be lost.

GERALD BULLETT
BONAMY DOBRÉE
ANNE FREMANTLE
STORM JAMESON
ROSAMUND LEHMANN
F. L. LUCAS
NAOMI MITCHISON
RAYMOND MORTIMER
H. W. NEVINSON
J. B. PRIESTLEY
OLAF STAPLEDON
H. G. WELLS
LEONARD WOOLF

## MURDER IN HOSPITAL

SIR,—I have read in your issue of June 26th last, a review of *Murder in Hospital* by Josephine Bell. I am surprised that your reviewer should criticise a medical point about which he apparently knows nothing. Anaphylactic shock, the method employed by the murderer, is a well recognised condition which may cause death.

T. A. BUTCHER, M.D.

2 Wetherby Place, S.W.7.

[Our reviewer writes: My objection to the use of anaphylactic shock as a murder technique is justified by Dr. Butcher's own description of it. The condition is well recognised and *may* cause death. Twenty years ago when I was subjected to anaphylactic shock by the medical profession, it was not so well recognised, yet I am still alive. For the murderer in *Murder in Hospital* it was important that the condition should not only not be recognised, but not even suspected. Moreover for one victim it had to be *certain* death.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

# Miscellany

## LOVE OR LAND

**"Women of Property," at the Queen's**

*Women of Property* is an interesting play, and the atmosphere of it is novel though its theme is old: the conflict betwixt Custom and Nature, between the "Joy of Life" and Tradition (here family tradition) that runs through so much of Ibsen's work. It is a theme capable of inspiring situations of unforgettable intensity and also plays of heart-damping banality. A solution in favour of the "Joy of Life" is much more likely to be commonplace; it is dangerously easy to present that side sympathetically. When a dramatist takes undue advantage of that appeal, he often ends by making us feel ashamed of our natural sympathies with youth, courage, freedom, passion. We come away bored with the radiant girl in the case, and bored with the youth who has discovered that the world is well lost for love; or feeling, at any rate, that we would like to see a sequel in which the defiant pair would be put to more exacting tests than those provided by a background which throws them into favourable relief.

*Women of Property* did not escape the banality of bad plays on this theme because youth and passion were represented by particularly interesting characters. It escaped because the representative of tradition in it was a remarkable old woman, played with remarkable dignity and an unusual reserve of emotional force by Miss Mary Morris, "The Mother of Niskavuori." This title is the feminine equivalent of "The Master" of such-and-such a property.

One of the interesting features of Finnish country life here depicted is that it seems to be to some extent controlled by a matriarchy. What "youth," "courage," "freedom," "passion" are up against in this play is the Mother; and she is an old woman divided in emotion, but resolute, like her predecessors, in action. She does not represent blind opposition; as a woman she admires, even loves, the girl who has shaken the foundations of Niskavuori. It is towards her son, the young "Master," that she is, if not harsh, contemptuous. In the last act the interest centres on him. Will he, or will he not, own up before the community to being the man who visited the village school-mistress at night? And further, will he pull himself up by the roots and go away with her when she is dismissed? Had he confessed *and* stuck to his family, he would have kept his mother's respect. As it is, her last words to him are: "Do as you like, but don't visit my grave." When the curtain falls the indomitable old woman is seen gathering resolution to see that at least her grandchildren shall be true to the Niskavuori tradition.

What is that tradition? It is that of the independent peasant; to live by the land and keep what he has got, to increase his holding if possible, but allow nothing in Heaven or earth to loosen his grip on it. We find ourselves in an atmosphere strange to us. These people are landlords but they are also peasants, and think of themselves as peasants. Feudalism and its after-shine, social distinctions, though a particular family may have been landlords for generations, have never modified their way of thinking. To all intents and purposes we breathe the social atmosphere of ages when prestige was the shadow of power and aristocracy the equivalent of strength. The poor are completely in the hands of a "Master of Simola" or a "Master of Niskavuori"; but neither master nor servant thinks of himself as different from the other except in possessing or lacking power and wealth. And these must be conquered afresh by each generation. At death the law of inheritance distributes a Master's property among his children. There is, therefore, only one way of keeping it together. The eldest son, or one of the sons, must buy the others out, and that compels him to marry a girl with a handsome dowry. It is a custom in which the whole family acquiesces. All the prestige and romance which gather

round birth and descent in other countries is concentrated on Property; it is house-and-land the whole family is set upon perpetuating, and this must be done as among peasant proprietors in Europe through marrying for money. Here the matriarchal element comes in, for, in turn, each wife of a Master knows that *she* has saved the estate, though at the cost perhaps of the stale aches and humiliations of a loveless marriage. It is in our nature to cling fanatically to any object to which we once sacrificed happiness. The wives of these Finnish landlords, when worth their salt, refuse to permit personal unhappiness to persuade them to destroy what they once recreated: to see that Niskavuori shall stand like one of the huge crags that overhang it, but never fall, is the aim of its "Mother."

There are two dramatic talks between her and the two women who do not accept that tradition; one is with her son's mistress and the other with his wife. When she first hears that Arne is in love with the bright athletic modern girl who has come to the village as its schoolmistress, she tells her something about her own married life: Arne's father, like his father and grandfather before him, went with the village girls and got them with child; "but" (she is warning Ilona), "they always came back and ate their porridge in the morning." Iliona is confident she can look after herself, and the "Mother of Niskavuori" is sorry for her. But towards her daughter-in-law who is hysterical with jealousy and resentment, who declares she'll take her money and go, she is implacable. No wife in the family had ever stooped, she tells her, to spying on her husband or had batted an eyelash when he was unfaithful, but proud in the knowledge that the stability of Niskavuori rested on its women had lived for that. Here I must pay a tribute to Miss Doris Fordred in the part of Marta. It is asking much from a young actress to demand that on the stage her distress should rouse our contempt and her cajoleries our disgust; but it was vital that they should, and Miss Fordred played Marta with an artistic selflessness equal to the egotism of her part.

You could not have a better setting than this Finnish matriarchal peasant-community for the familiar conflict between "the joy of life" and astringent tradition. If you have got the impression from a clever criticism or two that the play is sometimes comic in its effect rather than tragic, you must remember that after all it was the most typical of Englishmen who said, "As far as I can see foreigners are mostly fools," and that foreign behaviour and customs are apt to strike even cultivated Englishmen, first, as "funny." And yet there was some excuse for (let me be polite to a colleague) this critical frivolity. Mr. Cass is a very able producer, but he, too, was influenced by the fear that anything as un-English as fixed northern gloom would not hold a London audience—might make them titter. (They will titter through an Ibsen play if great care is not taken to prevent them). So he lightened the grimness of the atmosphere as far as he could. The English way of facing trouble is to follow the injunction, "Pack your troubles in the old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile," which is a good practical way of living through a war or any other catastrophy, but a maxim which is no guide to the comprehension of tragic drama. By lightening the grimness of the atmosphere the production lessened the play's intensity. But there was a graver mistake. I have to praise the fire, grace and vitality of Mr. Griffith Jones' acting in the part Arne—here is an actor who can dignify passion, delight the eye with his movements and looks, and impress us through the energy of youth! And yet it was *his* fault that the play so nearly fell into that banality which, as I said at the beginning of this article, lies in wait for plays on this theme. It was a piece of wrong casting, and the very excellence of Mr. Griffith Jones in the part made it more disastrous.

The Arne of the dramatist is a middle-aged, hard-bitten family man with children, caught suddenly in the grip of a passion which releases emotions he smothered to be Master of Niskavuori. Yet what we saw on the stage was Youth—Youth in the persons of two radiant impulsive creatures who put the claims of their love-life first. (Rather uninteresting.) Miss Nancy Hornsby was, of course, all she was meant to be—and she shone. But Arne! You guess how such an impersonation would rob the conflict of its complexity and the issue of its doubt? You can imagine how it killed the significance of the sympathy of the Mother towards the *girl* and of her severity towards her *son*? It changed, too, touches in the dialogue. When in the first act Arne hears that Ilona has high-dived off a dangerous rock from which he, and he alone, had once dived in his youth, and he proposes to dive with her again, how ominous the difference in age would have made that suggestion! As it was, it seemed just the jolly plan of two athletic young hikers!

The quality of the dramatic construction may be illustrated by pointing out that the most acrid scene between Arne and his wife, in which he cries out at last, "only in *marriage* can people say these hideous things to each other," is followed by a scene in which the Mother, who has come back from Ilona's bedroom (whence Arne has just escaped) takes down her Bible and reads aloud to herself that famous passage, "Many waters cannot quench love." Beautifully Miss Mary Morris read it, dryly, meditatively, and not in the "voice-beautiful." The Mother of Niskavuori is remembering her own sacrifices. She should be alone, in half darkness, with a lamp. One other moment of her acting I must record: the rough gesture with which she caressed for a moment Ilona's hair when the girl flung herself at her knees. There is acting worth watching at the Queen's Theatre, while, if you are of a critical turn of mind, you can feel the real play behind the production. DESMOND MACCARTHY

## IN THE MANNER OF MANCHOUKUO

THERE were seven of us—five men and two women—and we had been waiting two hours in the bleak Manchouli customs shed for our passports and luggage to be examined by the Manchoukuo authorities. The Japanese-made thermometer on the rough wooden wall registered thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, but there was no heat nor light within the building. Two hours before, the bar and restaurant in the adjoining building had closed. It was five o'clock, the native waiter had said, simply and with finality.

Each of us, the young Norwegian who was returning home from China to find work, the Egyptian importer from Kobe who had a Belgian passport, the Swiss who represented an American-Swiss aluminium concern in Shanghai, the man from Aberdeen who was First Officer with an English shipping company in the Far East, the Canadian artist, the Englishwoman and I, each of us, it transpired during the two-hour wait, had been apprised by well-meaning friends, who had heard it at least fourth-hand, of the rigours and perils of a trans-Siberian crossing. Most of us had been told that the dining car would run short of food half-way to Moscow, that there would be no towels nor *papier de cabinet*, even that the train might be derailed in the bitter January cold because of frozen rails.

But somehow, those cautious friends of ours had neglected to prepare us for that stretch of the journey which comes before the Siberian adventure; they had neglected Manchoukuo where, in an unexplained fashion, passport and customs examinations take place not when aliens enter Prince Kang Teh's empire at Dairen, but when they leave it at Manchouli.

Fortyish and fat, the Englishwoman, who had untidy hair and giggled, babbled on as she had been doing since Shanghai about "Russian officers maddened with vodka," and about "girls travelling alone," although a natural delicacy contrived to restrain her from being more explicit. We all knew very well the sinister implication of her hints, though, and at Harbin I had agreed to share a compartment with her when we boarded the Soviet train after Manchouli.

Finally, when it seemed that we must become permanent residents of Manchouli, a fur-hatted soldier came toward us

and by a flourish of his gun and bayonet and a series of unintelligible grunts, indicated that we were to follow him He led us into a tiny office off the main shed where two Japanese, in black serge uniforms and spectacles, sat behind a pine desk. One of them had a round piece of brown paper, the size of a florin, stuck on his cheek. As he stared at us, the other officer picked his teeth with such thorough attention to detail that I suddenly thought of thousands of sturdy little men massed and ready to strike on Mukden, picking their teeth a few minutes before ten o'clock on the night of September 18th, 1931.

It was cold here in this little room, but a single electric bulb showed the wall to be covered with large maps of Manchoukuo and posters advertising Asahi beer and Golden Bat cigarettes. An iron safe stood behind the desk and there were red plush chairs in a row for us to sit upon.

The Egyptian importer's passport was quickly stamped, for that gentleman had had the foresight previously to secure a written document from his adopted country's envoy in Japan. The gentleman en route to his home on the shores of Lake Constance was granted permission to leave Manchoukuo only after a protracted argument in which he eventually convinced the officers that he was not engaged in the armament trade at all, and that the aluminium produced at his company's factory at Shanghai was used chiefly in making foil, thermos flasks and other simila..y innocuous articles. He, too, was permitted then to proceed with the luggage examination in the Customs shed.

The Norwegian lad's passport was scrutinised next. Quietly he answered questions as to his name, his age, his destination, the name of his father and the latter's age. Asked the name of his mother, he said that she was dead. The two officers conferred.

"What age, prease?" one asked.

"My mother is dead," the boy replied.

"What dead?"

"My mother is dead."

"Where dead?"

"Shanghai."

"Who dead?"

"My mother is dead," the boy said.

"Oh, dead," the Japanese said and stamped the passport.

The man from Aberdeen stepped forward. Names, ages, destination, dates, all having been carefully covered, the matter of his occupation was broached. He said that he was employed by Butterfield and Swire, and that he was returning to Scotland on leave.

"Ah, you are Engliss navy officer," one of the officers said merrily.

"Not at all. I am an officer on a merchant vessel."

Again the two conferred, this time at length.

"I see," the spokesman said eventually. "You are Engliss navy officer."

In sequence, denial followed allegation for all of eight minutes, with neither side scoring any appreciable progress. Then, abruptly, the officers conceded their defeat, one of them, however, leaving the room with the man from Aberdeen to supervise a search of his luggage for weapons, sketches, strategical diagrams and whatever else he assumed he might discover.

Next. With comparative speed the Canadian artist and the giggling Englishwoman were questioned, approved and dismissed. Only I remained then to bear the scrutiny of the officer with the toothpick.

He grasped the one remaining passport, opened it and so held it in his right hand, studying it carefully. After a minute or two he stared at me solemnly. "He's going to bid five no trumps," I thought. But no. Name? Age? Father's name? Father's age? Mother's name? Mother's age? Destination? I had all the answers, although I am never too accurate when asked to state the ages of my parents. Then—

"You are journalist, yesss." It was a statement of fact rather than a question, and I acknowledged the truth of his assertion, thereby corroborating information plainly printed in my passport.

Politely he sucked in his breath with that peculiar sibilance which a Westerner may never hope to approximate.

"What newspaper last employed, prease?"

"No newspaper," I said. "Press association—news agency—the United Press."

"Ah yess, United Express," he said knowingly.

"And what position did you occupy on the United Express?"

I told him, adding that I was not working then but was on a holiday, and he wrote something upon an official-looking piece of paper.

"Your first visit to Manchoukuo?"

I admitted not having been through the country since 1931, at which he said that it was very bad then because the country belonged to China and there were many bandits and the poor people didn't have enough to eat. Since the coming of the Japanese, he said, everybody had enough to eat and warm clothes to wear and were very happy.

"What do you think of the economic Manchoukuo?" he asked. But before I had my answer the door suddenly opened and the other officer rushed in, holding a large sheet of stiff paper above his head. He was followed by the Canadian artist who obviously, was extremely angry.

"I'd like my picture back, please," he said. "You've no right to take it. It's my own—I did it myself."

"Not good picture, not proper," the officer said, flinging the offending drawing down on the desk before his associate. It was a pencil sketch of a nude woman.

For the third time the two officers put their closely cropped heads together. Their brisk Japanese was again and again punctuated by the sound of breath noisily and hastily inhaled. They peered at the drawing, looked at one another, and then back at the sketch. Then the officer who a few minutes before had been discussing the economic situation of Manchoukuo with me placed a stubby forefinger on the torso of the figure. "Not good," he said succinctly. Rolling up the drawing, he turned in his swivel chair and placed it in the safe behind him.

"But I am taking it *out* of the country. You didn't object to my bringing it in at Dairen, I've had it with me all the time and now as I leave you confiscate it," the exasperated artist protested.

The officer shrugged and turned to me.

"Ah yesss," he said. "The United Express. You like Manchoukuo. Yesss. Good. And you do not write now. No. But perhaps you will write something about Manchoukuo when you are in London?"

"Yes, perhaps I shall," I said.

And with that he stamped my passport. ELIZABETH KEEN.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "Hamlet" at the Westminster

This was a full *Hamlet*; and for every production which gives us more than the usual minimum of words one must be grateful. A stage modelled on the Elizabethan makes the action—with one break—continuous; the play goes quickly without the speech being hurried. Mr. Michael Macowan has at least provided us with a *Hamlet* which we can listen to, and some of his actors not only speak, but act well. Polonius, for once, is not a nanny-goat, but a rosy elder statesman, who instead of stuttering takes his time; Mr. Cecil Trouncer's pauses were delightful; each phrase was laid on a cushion. Mr. Torin Thatcher and Miss Gillian Scaife were unusually intelligent and sympathetic as the King and Queen. Hamlet himself (Mr. Christopher Oldham) disappointed. A certain smugness went with the sitting in corners; and in his rages he suggested too often a fanatical priest. Nevertheless his performance had dignity. The chief interest of the production was to see how the theories of Professor Dover Wilson, who contributes an approving note to the programme, would work out on the stage. In the mouse-trap scene the dumb show is missed by the King and Queen who happen to be talking to Polonius, while Hamlet is on tenterhooks lest a premature revelation of his plot may make it miscarry. The effect of this interpretation is, as one might expect, less and not more dramatic. Otherwise one might hardly have noticed Professor Wilson's hand in the play.

### "Up the Garden Path," at the Embassy

This blameless comedy about aunts and youth and age living together was kindly received by the Embassy audience. It is an unpretentious affair with some good lines and all the dear old jokes neatly arranged and timed. One aunt is a martinet, another is absent-minded, tactless, and full of useless information and proverbs, and a third who "went away" from the house with a married man twenty years before. There is an ingénue who almost goes away with another married man, but doesn't after being told by her third aunt that one may be wrong in assuming that that is what married men want. Muriel Aked calls herself a silly juggins, has difficulty with her bicycle and enters regularly at awkward moments. Patricia Hilliard was an attractive ingénue, Margaret Rutherford got across the charmingly ineffective aunt and Elliot Mason made the rude old grandmother the most amiable person on the stage. Beatrix Lehmann had an unrewarding part as the naughty girl grown up who hadn't been wicked after all. The play was good magaziny stuff and the acting just good.

### O.U.D.S. in "Magic," at the Arts

This was as good a production of *Magic* as *Magic* deserved. At its best this play is little better than the extension of an epigram. Scientists are narrowminded, parsons sometimes know more than scientists, and beautiful women at times know all. One should, this play supposes, fall in love with people who take risks with dangerous powers for the love of love. But this production was, alas, amateurish; and when Olga Edwardes was off the stage it became tiresome. The Duke was so broadminded that his open mind invited draughts. The doctor scientist knew he had a weak thesis, the stranger who was aware of fairness and devils was too self-satisfied about it, and the Reverend Cyril Smith typified the inadequacy of C. of E. in times of crisis only too well. Olga Edwardes saved the play from being intolerable by looking attractive when all the men were talking unmagical nonsense. And every now and again there were epigrams which proved that all the characters knew their Chesterton. *Magic* is sad evidence that essayists are not dramatists.

### "They Came By Night," at the Globe.

One more play about crime. This time we are spared murder and rape, and the high spot is the breaking open of a bullion vault. The plot—uninteresting, chiefly because it is entirely unconvincing—concerns a jeweller who gets most unwillingly involved with a gang. He is far too silly to excite our sympathy, and ought, surely, to have been made a comic and pathetic Cockney. But Mr. Owen Nares displays all his charm, all his gentlemanliness; and so Mr. David Burns as an American crook walks away with the evening. Miss Ursula Jeans gallantly contributes a little love-interest, Mr. Henry Caine and Mr. Cees Laseur are good in character-parts. Addicts will swallow the *ersatz* when the *echt* is unavailable, and this play may have more success than it deserves. But it reflects little credit on its author (who wrote that excellent thriller *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*), for its only virtue is the part it contains for the enchanting, the irresistible, Mr. David Burns.

### Jean Hugo and Nineteenth-Century French Masters, at the Lefevre.

The visitor who wishes to enjoy M. Hugo's pictures would be wise to look at them before proceeding to the nineteenth-century masters in the adjoining rooms. There's nothing Hugoesque about the poet's great-grandson: his paintings are triolets. Indeed their prices ought to vary, like their merit, inversely with their size, and the pictures costing five pounds are at least fifteen times better than the one costing seventy-five. M. Hugo is an enchanting artist within his limits: he introduces us, as it were, through the wrong end of a pair of field-glasses, to a deliciously neat miniature world, which has the irresistible charm of dolls' house furniture and all midget things. The figures, the farm-houses and the hills—even the hotels—in his pictures belong to a fairy-tale. Marie Laure, whose first novel is one of the prettiest of this year's books, has written an introduction to these paintings, which are in the best sense literary. Look at the postcard-sized gouache called *Le Vent*: it is the beginning, or the end, of a lovely little story. This painter, we are told by Marie Laure, "is no city-dweller," but his works are "articles de Paris" of the most refined order. Taste and skill and fantasy make these the most covetable valentines. The nineteenth-century pictures have most of them been previously exhibited. The most exciting novelty is Cézanne's portrait of Henri Gasquet—a magnificent painting with a nobly sculped head against a background of the most ravishing paint. The Seurat, which was in the French Exhibition at Burlington House, is another masterpiece, and we were glad to see again the big Pissaro landscape. The figure in the Renoir lady with a dog is delicious, the van Gogh portrait of Mr. Alex. Reid is oddly like a self-portrait, the Lautrec drawings are excellent, the little Degas are new and beautiful. A large Corot has some good painting in it, but is Dutchly awkward in composition; the Jongkinds are Jongkinds; and the vast Monet portrait of his wife in Japanese costume is as nasty a bit of work as this most uneven painter ever produced. A mixed show, but the Cézanne and the Seurat are stunners.

### "A Spot of Bother," Strand Theatre.

You either like the bald head of Mr. Drayton and the jutting chin of Mr. Robertson Hare or you don't. The farce contains all the ingredients of a well-worn recipe and is mixed with the deft hand and creamy consistency of that well-known chef of light kickshaws, Mr. Leslie Henson. And it is refreshing to record that a number of the jokes bore signs of a subtler genus of humour than is usual in these cases. A rich and suave performance by Miss Ruth Maitland as an injured wife and the sharp and diminutive barmaid of Miss Edie Martin contrasted well with the particular qualities of Messrs. Drayton and Hare. What happened to the smugglers in the Blue Inn at Folkestone turned out to be of no particular consequence and Miss Jeanne Stuart trailed her beauty to no purpose across Mr. Hare's trail. Mr. Hare was made to be restored to his Margaret and everyone knew it from the start. The quips and cranks were rapturously received and indeed, in the intervals, in foyer, bar and street, one had the feeling from the boisterous comments of the rest of the audience that the players and they were one.

### Puccini's "Trittico," at the Royal Academy of Music.

It is strange that the accidental partnership of *Cav. and Pag.* should remain indissoluble after generations, while Puccini's trilogy, carefully planned with an eye to an evening's diverse entertainment, is scarcely ever given whole—at least in England. *Gianni Schicchi* is the most familiar, a little masterpiece of traditional Italian comedy not altogether unworthy to stand beside Verdi's *Falstaff*. The sombre *Tabarro* has never received quite the attention it deserves, while poor *Suor Angelica* scarcely ever gets a look in. The performance at the R.A.M. of all three was therefore particularly interesting, and it was well up to the general level of former productions by this institution. Warwick Braithwaite, though a little too reticent in his handling of the warmer melodies, got much delicate and exact playing from the orchestra. Under Geoffrey Dunn and Isobel McLaren, the stage action was lively and neat and in key with the music. The most accomplished singing came from Muriel Burnett as the heroine of *Il Tabarro*; but the Rag-Picker in that work, and Rinuccio and Schicchi in the comedy, were a good deal more than competent. The total impression was to confirm admiration of *Schicchi* and to explain the unpopularity of *Suor Angelica*—a little convent-piece which represents a worldly composer's aspirations towards piety, and often slips over into insipidity. One need not be very hard-boiled to find the last tableau unbelievably sentimental. *Il Tabarro*, on the other hand, a brilliant study in atmosphere and tension among river workers on the banks of the Seine, contains so much fine music as to make us wonder whether the shoddy plots of his big successes (except *La Bohème*) did not lead Puccini to waste his finer powers. The first half-hour of *Tabarro* is magnificent.

### Nigerian Wood-carvings, Terra-cottas and Water Colours at Zwemmers.

This charming exhibition of works by five young Nigerians raises two of the most awkward and elusive of art hares. The first is the question of non-sophistication. Has it any positive value? A corollary to this is the question of the genuineness of naivety. What is the place of the Douanier Rousseau, of Alfred Wallis, of Busdriver Stockley in the history of art, and how do these compare with painters like Modigliani, or to take a less noble example, Jean Hugo, whose simplicity is well thought out? And secondly, can it be said that artists are unsophisticated after they have been trained? "It can be assumed," says a note in the

catalogue, "that there is latent artistic talent in nearly every African." The same could be said of European children at certain stages of their development. And it is questionable whether training of the adult or European kind will have any good effects or whether it will not tend to stultify a form of expression which depends on uncontrolled imagination. In practice the problem resolves itself. The important element is the means of production. Those children who are given nice colours by Miss Richardson tend to produce the most attractive pictures, and these young Africans whom Mr. K. C. Murray has selected, produce the only contemporary vital work that we have seen from Africa. Negro art is at its best in sculpture, here as in the past. Though none of the carvings here can be compared with the best Gabun sculpture, and the terra-cottas are nowhere near the delicate art of Ife, neither carving nor modelling is unworthy of the negro's plastic sense. And those who buy Enwonwid's *Seated Man* or Ibeto's *Dog in Iroko wood* will be getting very good value for their money. The water-colours, though all individually attractive, are less notable. More impressive than these are some pencil drawings that are not in the catalogue. The ebony hardness of these brings us back to Paris and the *tête de nègre* school, and the problem of valuing spirit masks produced in Paris by an Italian. It would not be fair to conclude this note without a mention of the enlightened policy of a Colonial Office that can show so much consideration for a local tradition. Things are looking up, and perhaps one may hope that one day some government department will take note of English traditions and save a few artists and a few buildings from the villainy of this commercial age.

### "Parnell," at the Empire

"The value," says Dr. Johnson, "of every story depends upon its being true. A story is a picture either of an individual or of human nature. If it is false it is a picture of nothing." After *Richard II* or *Antony and Cleopatra*, one could not claim as emphatically as this, that historical plays must be historically true. It is clear that poetical truth can be at least as valuable as the results of many researches. But this new account of Charles Stewart Parnell's downfall has neither artistic nor factual truth and, indeed, depends on the efforts of Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Myrna Loy to put it over. Miss Loy and Mr. Gable act strenuously, but, it must be admitted, without conviction. Mr. Gable has some dangerously topical remarks about the difficulties of a public man in love. And there is an excellent court scene. But the greater proportion of the film is given over to speeches, cheers, divisions and Irish politicians: it seems a pity, if we have to be given a film which is ineffective as entertainment, that we should not get, by way of recompense, a less wildly inaccurate picture of the events as they happened and the characters of the people concerned. Hollywood has shorn Parnell of his beard, forbidden him to marry his Kitty, and killed him off years before he died. Even so, he makes a wretched shop-window for Mr. Clark Gable's shaggy sex-appeal.

## THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 17th—
League of Arts: Milton's "Comus," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
SUNDAY, July 18th—
Left Book Club Educational Conference. Speakers: A. S. Neill, G. D. H. Cole, Harold Laski. Royal Hall, Woburn Place, 10 and 2.30.
Rt. Hon. Lord Snell on "The British Empire and World Leadership," Conway Hall, 11.
Group Theatre Meeting. Speaker: Ralph Parker. 9 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, 8.30.
Music and Drama Festival, Tewkesbury Abbey. Till July 24th.
MONDAY, July 19th—
Dolmetsch Music Festival, Haslemere. Till July 31st.
S. Cash on "Syndicalism, Anarchism and Socialism," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
"Comus," Regent's Park.
TUESDAY, July 20th—
Dr. Alexander G. Cummins on "Facts, Forces and Friendliness," Friends House, 1.20.
WEDNESDAY, July 21st—
"Yiddle with his Fiddle," Academy.
FRIDAY, July 23rd—
"The Triumph of Virtue," Comic Opera by Alessandro Scarlatti, at "Pollards," Loughton, 6. And on July 24th at 3.


# Our Net Sales

HALF-YEAR, JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1937

WE have examined the Books and Accounts of The Statesman and Nation Publishing Company Limited and certify that the average Net Sales per issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during the period 1st January 1937 to 30th June 1937 after deducting all free and voucher copies and returns received during the same period and arrived at in accordance with the formula prepared by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Ltd., were

## 24,940 copies

IN ADDITION to this average of 24,940 copies there has been over the same period a weekly average sale of 2,385 introductory subscription copies at a reduced rate making a

## total weekly net sale of 27,325 copies

over the half-year under review.

*July* 12, 1937.
19a, Coleman Street, E.C.2.

(*Signed*) HAMILTON EDDY & ROWAND,
*Chartered Accountants.*

# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

*T. Carlyle, gift of W. Stirling of Keir, Augt.* 1847, is written on the paper-cover of a French book which many years ago was picked out of the sixpenny shelf of a secondhand bookseller's shop. It is a copy of *Olivier Cromwell, sa vie privée, sa correspondence particulière* par M. Philarète Chasles (Amyot, 1847) and it is amusing to think of the furious contempt with which Carlyle must have read the introduction to a book which is very largely cribbed from his own work. M. Chasles is rather proud of being the first to introduce the odd figure of Carlyle to his countrymen and describes him as follows:

> Carlyle est en effet l'un des plus mauvais écrivains et l'un des plus hardis penseurs de l'epôque. . . . Il n'est même ni anglais ni allemand . . . Enfin Sterne, Richter ou Hamann, Gozzi ou Quevedo approchent à peine de la burlesque humeur de ce livre. . . . On quitte une énigme pour entrer dans une logographe; les singularités de Richter et les caprices d'Hoffmann s'y mêlent aux obscurités de Swedenborg. . . . L'histoire humoristique est impossible.

All of which is true and a charming instance of the child-like clarity of the French mind. But Carlyle's work has needed doing over again not only because of its Swedenborgian obscurity. The publication of the first edition of two hundred and forty-three letters and speeches brought to light an additional seventy-five documents which Carlyle lumped together in an appendix to the second edition, so as not to disturb the order in his book. Mrs. Lomas accumulated another hundred and eighty-five which she published in a supplement to her edition of Carlyle, and Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott of Harvard now weighs in with more than seven hundred items not hitherto collected. It is no wonder that he prefaces the first volume of *Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (Oxford, 21s. a vol.) with the words:

> Carlyle possessed three enormous advantages over anyone who ventures to follow him in such a task as this. He had an extraordinarily arresting style; he had entire confidence in the infallible righteousness of his subject, his cause and himself; and he had a relatively limited amount of material upon which to base his narrative and his judgments.

After reading the seven hundred and sixty pages of this first volume which is to be followed shortly by three others, I can say confidently that Professor Abbott has carried his handicaps excellently. His style is unaffected and unselfconscious, his mind candid, well-balanced and detached and his voluminous materials enable him to give a really complete and accurate picture. When *The Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* is completed, Professor Abbott will have achieved a most necessary work, superseding most of what has been written.

* * *

Great and necessary though Professor Abbott's work is, and detestable as Carlyle's bad manners, Carlyle will always be read and can never be quite neglected. He was passionate, violent, excessively rude and testifying blindly out of season to the Lord—all of which qualities he shared with Cromwell himself. Thus in some respects *le burlesque humeur de ce livre* is what we might reasonably have expected in an autobiography, what we should have got had Cromwell lived to edit his own speeches and correspondence in the manner of a modern statesman. But while Cromwell wrote freshly what was in his heart, Carlyle fulminates, splutters and more often than not, misses fire. There is no law, however, that biographers and historians should resemble the subjects they write about; rather the reverse. Though Professor Abbott is perhaps temperamentally rather too biased in favour of order and authority he gains more than he loses by keeping a cool head. His weakness is that in his general plan he has followed Carlyle by stringing the letters and speeches and legal documents together with "a sketch of his life" which is in reality (in this first volume) a minutely detailed history of the Civil War and which in later volumes will doubtless be the detailed history of Cromwell's administration and foreign policy. To Carlyle every detail was almost equally important: Professor Abbott has far more details to record and is well aware that many are not important at all.

> Though he was shortly to play a great part in the new order of affairs, for the moment Cromwell was concerned with one of those minor matters. . . .

Such a sentence, which might justifiably occur a hundred times in the course of the whole work, shows the weakness of making speeches and letters serve as the skeleton of a history. What are essentially two books are fused into one. Professor Abbott is an historian who has lost the freedom of stressing one fact by omitting a second and setting it against a third. A *selection* of letters or State papers can be threaded together with editorial narrative most helpfully. A complete correspondence is difficult to deal with in the same way. We shall have, of course, to wait for Volume 4 before we get the index, but one practical point in the arrangement of the book worries me. Cromwell's letters and writings are not numbered and there is no way to refer to them when they are undated except by a page reference. They would be easier to find and quote if there were a list of them.

* * *

Re-reading the letters now they have been freed from the setting of hero-worship reveals in Cromwell's character what was perhaps the secret of his power over his soldiers and his chief lieutenants, men who had fought with him and many of whom had known him intimately since boyhood. Oliver was never cold: a hot fire glows in everything he said and wrote. His letter to his brother-in-law, Valentine Walton, after Marston Moor, is a good example:

> . . . God made them as stubble to our swords, we charged their regiments of foot with our horse, routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now, but I believe of twenty-four thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory to God. Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died. Sir, you know my trials this way; but the Lord supported me with this: that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant after and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, to know sin nor sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceeding gracious. God give you his comfort . . . he said one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what it was. He told me that it was that God had not suffered him no more to be the executioner of His enemies. . . . You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in Heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. . . . The Lord be your strength so prays your truly faithful and loving brother, Oliver Cromwell.

The sincerity and passion of this letter written hot upon the battlefield are characteristic. It is bloodthirsty and fanatical, but comes straight from the heart. Cromwell never doubted the source of his own furious energy. And Professor Abbott makes it credible that he scarcely ever looked more than one step ahead. *No man rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going*, he is reported to have said, and the French Ambassador thought the words proved him a fool. Really they show a surprising self-knowledge. Cromwell's letters show great intelligence. He was an opportunist who believed that a revelation was always waiting round the corner. At every crisis in his life he found the needed inspiration. He wavered and changed his mind continually: one week perhaps was ready to take an Earldom and establish the king, in the next resolved his ruin, but he never doubted that the final decision, like the disposition of his army at Dunbar, was sent from God. Opportunism and faith of this sort are the ideal equipment for a general, but the lack of fixed political ideas proved disastrous when he had gained absolute power. Had Ireton lived perhaps he could have built a stable commonwealth. But baffled by God's crowning mercies, Cromwell slowly relapsed into the country gentleman and the tender father.

DAVID GARNETT

# LIVES OF THE GREAT MATHEMATICIANS

**Men of Mathematics.** By Professor E. T. BELL, Ph.D. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Does a mathematician profit by knowing something of the history of his subject? Educational practice answers this question in the negative, perhaps rightly from the narrowly technical point of view. The order in which mathematical subjects are learnt should be logical not chronological; moreover, the first exposition of a new discovery is usually much less easy to understand than later accounts. Nevertheless, if a cultural education is aimed at rather than the mere acquisition of skill, it is well worth while to give the student some knowledge of the historical circumstances in the progress of mathematics.

Professor Bell gives brief biographies of a number of eminent men with some slight account of their most important work. His mathematical knowledge is wide and accurate, but I doubt whether his accounts of the work of mathematicians will convey much except to those who already know a good deal. With the biographies he does his best, but it must be confessed that most mathematicians, at any rate since 1815, have not had very exciting lives. Their work was so absorbing and so exciting that they had no need of external adventures to make existence agreeable. Given an academic post, a moderate income, and some leisure from the duties of teaching, most good mathematicians are content to let what a novelist would call real life subside into an absent-minded dream. In the main, their characters are amiable, and most of them show great generosity in the recognition of rising talent, but outside their work their activities are not usually interesting.

This is much less true of earlier mathematicians. The traditional biography of Pythagoras is fascinating, except for the defect that no one knows how far it is true. Archimedes, Descartes, and Pascal, all of whom are among Professor Bell's subjects, are interesting as human beings; so are, in a lesser degree, the mathematicians of Revolutionary and Napoleonic France. These last, like Archimedes, put their skill at the service of the State, and were valued for their improvements in the art of war. This function has now passed mainly to the chemists.

Professor Bell, unlike writers who derive their inspiration from Marx, makes no attempt to connect mathematical discoveries with economic circumstances. I think that, while interesting connections of this sort do exist, it is easy to exaggerate them; they are, in fact, less important than the connections with military problems. Moreover, it often happens that abstract scientific discoveries are the cause, rather than the effect, of economic circumstances; a notable instance of this is the development of electromagnetism, which was theoretically almost complete before it achieved any great economic importance.

In many cases, there is no discoverable relation between much of the work of mathematicians and the world of practical affairs. Take, for example, Fermat. His work on analytical geometry and on the method of finding tangents to curves, as also his work on optics, had important applications, but his work on theory of numbers so far as is known made no difference to any practical problem. In this subject he enunciated a number of theorems, without revealing his proofs. Most of these theorems have since been proved; one, which he announced as a conjecture, has been disproved; another, of which he stated that he possessed a "marvellous" proof, has defied all subsequent efforts of mathematicians, although large prizes have been offered for a solution and although the problem has been before the world for nearly 300 years. Much pure mathematics, though discovered without a view to applications, has subsequently proved useful, as, for example, the theory of tensors is useful in the general theory of relativity; but the theory of numbers has hitherto remained virgin. So far as I know, the nearest it has ever come to practical life has been in Nazi Germany, where it is frowned upon because its ablest Professor was a Jew.

Of comparatively modern mathematicians, one of the most surprising is Sir William Hamilton (not to be confused with the philosopher, still less with the husband of Lady Hamilton). His early accomplishments, as enumerated by Professor Bell, completely eclipse those of John Stuart Mill:

> At three he was a superior reader of English and was considerably advanced in arithmetic; at four he was a good geographer; at five he read and translated Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and loved to recite Dryden, Collins, Milton, and Homer—the last in Greek; at eight he added a mastery of Italian and French to his collection and extemporised fluently in Latin, expressing his unaffected delight at the beauty of the Irish scene in Latin hexameters when plain English prose offered too plebeian a vent for his nobly exalted sentiments: and finally, before he was ten he had laid a firm foundation for his extraordinary scholarship in oriental languages by beginning Arabic and Sanskrit.

I pass by his achievements in Malay, Chaldee, Mahratta, etc., as well as his poems to Wordsworth and the Persian Ambassador in their respective languages. While he was still an undergraduate he became Professor of Astronomy at Trinity College, Dublin; at twenty-seven he took to drink; at thirty-seven he took the pledge; at thirty-nine he broke it, in consequence of the jeers of Airy, the Astronomer Royal. During his two years of sobriety the Government had generously awarded him a Civil List pension of £200 a year. He is known to physicists as the inventor of a function which is fundamental, and which is called H in his honour. He left sixty large books of mathematical MSS., which are still in process of publication. He married unhappily, was knighted, and died of gout.

The growth of empiricism has tamed mathematicians. Pythagoras and Leibniz could prove everything; Spinoza imagined that the nature of the universe could be demonstrated by the geometrical method. During the present century, it has become recognised that mathematical propositions give no information as to the character of the actual world, in spite of the great influence of Kant on the other side. Misty mysticism is now more often biological than mathematical, and the mathematicians, in so far as they concern themselves with philosophy, have become merely a new species of grammarians. The change is all to the good; and yet there was something magnificent in the scope and sweep of the old fallacies, which is lacking in the modern cult of meticulous correctness.

Professor Bell has done his work well, except for an occasional suggestion that the present age is wiser than its predecessors, and a slight tendency to regard matters which are still *sub judice* as decided. Any young person engaged in learning mathematics will profit by reading him, since he humanises the subject and helps to a realisation of the historical environment.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

## WHITE ON BLACK ON WHITE

**The Savage Hits Back.** By JULIUS E. LIPS. *Lovat Dickson.* 21s.

This is an important book and a delightful one. Professor Malinowski states its importance as anthropology in his introduction. "It is no exaggeration to say that, in giving this beautifully illustrated and richly documented corpus of tangible, plastic, and decorative expressions of native opinion on the white world, Professor Lips has laid the foundations of a new approach to the most vexed problem of culture change and diffusion." When the schoolboy has adult authority and culture imposed upon him he gets his own back by observing his masters with cruel accuracy. This observation is not always malicious, but it is rarely popular with the object of scrutiny. When primitive artists carved and painted their European conquerors they were more often naively impressed than satirical. But it is not surprising that Nazis wanted to confiscate Professor Lips' collection of photographs. Nordic civilisation on its dignity is not fond of criticism. Pacifists should never take the number of the policeman who arrests them.

The book opens with a preface in which Professor Lips tells how the Third Reich treated him and his material. "It became plain, however, that not Hitler alone was God: he had set up vest-pocket images of himself; these too were gods. They all had authority not only over the private life of the German people, but over their religion, their art, and their science. There was no compromise with such 'totality.' And, surely, hardly any science had been so wounded as had mine, the science of anthropology, by the demands of a racial dogma, by the intolerant overestimation of one single family of speech." The professor resigned the directorship of a Cologne museum, and his professorship. He was replaced by a Nazi undergraduate, subjected to persecution by secret police, accused of Communism, and badgered and cajoled to give up his hidden "Nigger pictures which were a crime against the race." Fortunately for us he got away with them.

After reading this account of sufferings under European barbarism one might expect from their victim an uncritical general enthusiasm for the civilisation of primitive peoples. But *The Savage Hits Back* is an admirably balanced piece of work. Much of its attraction and value lies in the 200 or so illustrations, and as these cannot be reproduced the reviewer is in danger of overgeneralising and giving the impression that the author has the same fault. Professor Lips consistently concerns himself with minute particulars. He seems at times inclined to over-estimate the consciously critical intentions of some native artists, but a photograph is always beside the text, and the reader can judge for himself.

Examples of the art of every primitive people have been gathered from the museums of Europe and America and then arranged according to subject. The white man's ships which naturally first excited native curiosity were reproduced with a light-hearted attitude to detail and proportion, and a great talent for capturing the spirit of them. The white soldier was very carefully observed indeed. The universal way of representing a European is to provide him with a gun, a tankard, or a pipe. But the gun was most important because it meant power. The soldiers themselves, however, are shown in costume and in character. It is easy to distinguish the officer from the private, the Englishman from the Frenchman or the German. Until the nineteenth century European artists conventionalised and idealised the savage into a coloured European in fancy dress. The native artist with no preconceptions of what a European ought to look like and no academic theories of anatomy had a way of getting the characteristic shapes unrealistically right. Some of these soldiers are comic bogeys, but it is hard to believe that the native thought so. When a self-conscious modern painter rejects realism, omits detail and exaggerates whatever he thinks significant in his subject he is trying to do synthetically what the native's eye and mind do for him naturally; and he often fails because he finishes by painting an idea. Photographs can be much more murderous than caricatures. Truth is more amusing than jokes about truth, and these masterpieces of naive observation seem to me to have the impertinence of a mirror rather than that of a wit.

The pipes, dolls, playing cards, clocks, keys, musical instruments, knives, forks and spoons of the invader all found a place in the native's list of things to be imitated. He may not clearly have understood their use but he had no difficulty in making them beautiful. Not only are these carvings sociologically interesting, they are often most attractive aesthetically. They belong both to the museum and the art gallery.

In the destruction of one culture by another, religion is always important. The native artist paid his tribute to missionaries, monks, and the new god—and he was not satirical. The personal virtues of the missionary were not vitiated for the artist by his serving the purposes of imperialists. Under critical eyes he appears with more decency, humanity, and dignity than any of the other whites. And the faith he taught found pictorial and plastic expression comparable with the work of European "primitive" masters.

The merchant had no distinctive costume or emblem, but his face proved an adequate label. He "most certainly found no great sympathy amongst them, and in their thirst for revenge they explored the calculative, petty, hideous and treacherous traits in his face, and shaped them so exactly that from amongst dozens of figures on an ivory tusk, we can at once point to some definite small detail and by it recognise the merchant." The specimens exhibited certainly seem to have been carved with malice aforethought, but even here art may merely be trying to catch up with nature.

The native artist was not particularly interested in the white woman. She had nothing to do with him and he had no evidence that her elaborate clothing was not solid—so he sculpted her as being mostly skirt. This same doubt about biological structure occurs in two splendid carvings of Queen Victoria from the Guinea coast. "The artist, of course, knew what a woman's breast looks like, but when it came to portraying the breast of a Queen in profile, a Queen who ruled over millions of white men and natives, he was puzzled and helpless. So he shaped one separate projection from the upper region of the body, but central, with the pearl necklace which ornaments the neck running down to it. . . . He was not quite certain whether a Queen, who usually travels in a carriage, had feet at all, but he wished to make sure, and solved his own problem by carving them neatly hidden under the dress."

*The Savage Hits Back* costs less than three novels; it is worth more than whole libraries of them. Professor Lips hopes to publish his complete collection of 650 photographs—which gives us something to look forward to. FREDERICK LAWS.

## NASSAU SENIOR

**Nassau Senior and Classical Economics.** By MARIAN BOWLEY. London. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

Miss Bowley has written a really interesting contribution to the history of economic theory. It has been known for nearly a generation that a great mass of Senior's unpublished papers were in the possession of Mrs. St. Loe Strachey. Working on these, and on his printed writings, Miss Bowley has done more to explain the place of Senior in the tradition of English economic thought than any previous writer. While a good deal of her analysis will mainly be of interest to specialists, her second part, in which she discusses Senior's views on social and political theory, will attract a much wider audience. Senior has, to some extent, been the victim of misrepresentation. His invention of the word "abstinence" to explain the capitalist's reward, his notorious hostility to trade unions, and his attitude to the reduction of the hours of labour, have, together with his work on the Poor Law of 1834, combined to make him the bogy-man of his generation. Miss Bowley is able, in a considerable degree, to redress the balance of this picture. From her work, very solidly buttressed by evidence, there emerges a portrait of a thinker as public-spirited as he was able, who was far from being the narrow exponent of *laisser faire* he is so often taken to be. The points she makes are important, because a similar body of misrepresentation is widespread about a school whose doctrines, as in the hands of Professor Robbins, bear much the same relation to the ideas of our own time as did those of Senior to the ideas of a century ago. This close and careful study ought to be of real assistance towards that ample history of the English classical school which is so long overdue.

In a way, indeed, it is a pity that Miss Bowley has deliberately divorced the study of doctrines from the picture of the man and the events with which he was connected. I think the effect of this is to paint a somewhat more favourable picture of Senior than is warranted by the evidence. Certainly no man bears a heavier responsibility than he for the persecution of the trade unions in his own lifetime. On the problem of the hours of labour, his opposition may have been, as Miss Bowley says, on grounds of expediency, and not of *a priori* theory; the fact remains that he put the heavy weapon of supposed economic law behind

an evil case. Her account of his famous report on the condition of the hand-loom weavers is, I suggest, as good an example as could easily be found of the weakness of economic thinking which sees a complicated equation in terms of a single variable only. On housing, on the poor law, on public education, to take three instances only, Miss Bowley is able to show that Senior was prepared for a much greater volume of state-intervention than he is given credit for; but the emphasis of his action, as against that of his formal principles, hardly resulted in giving to the latter the active operation he would himself have approved. Above all, he never really grasped the impossibility of thrift and prevision for those earning the wages of the time. There is nothing in his writings to suggest that he ever made the intellectual effort necessary to realise that the principles he adumbrated were, in fact, no more than a very partial and inadequate generalisation from a special environment beyond which he never really sought to penetrate. All in all, he was so definitely on the side of the conquerors, that the misrepresentation Miss Bowley corrects in detail has still a grim core of truth at its base. More precise and profounder than Mill in the refinements of analysis, it is refreshing after reading him, to turn to the sensitive and generous insights through which Mill made manifest, as Senior never did, his awareness of the major problems of his generation.

H. J. LASKI

## GOING PLACES AND DOING THINGS

**Round the World with Tom Clarke.** By TOM CLARKE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**First Movement.** By MARK GROSSEK. *Bles.* 9*s.*
**The Happy Hobo.** By HARRY CLOUSTON. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**Such is Life.** By TOM COLLINS. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
**On Journey.** By VIDA D. SCUDDER. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
**Galloping Jack.** By NAPIER DEVITT. *Witherby.* 6*s.*

Between them these authors encompass the extremes of autobiography. Indeed, almost the only thing they have in common is the belief that their own experience is something to write a book about. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Clouston present themselves as ordinary men who have experienced extraordinary travels; whereas Mr. Grossek in his narrative scarcely ever leaves London, but is nevertheless convinced that his experience is in other ways far from ordinary. Miss Scudder describes a life of spiritual and idealist activity; *Galloping Jack*, whose story is written by another hand, is wholly preoccupied with soldiering. It is on this see-saw that the mass of autobiographies rides. The delicately sensitive author spins tenuous observations from the few events he can communicate, and the cruder man of travel has poor eyesight for everything but the next horizon. Only Tom Collins manages to escape this dilemma, and he has the advantage that his normal work provides new encounters and a changing scene. But that is not all: he has also a literary skill and an artist's eye for people and places. I think Tom Collins would be interesting whether he went round the world with Mr. Clarke or stayed in London with Mr. Grossek.

Tom Clarke is a well-known journalist, but his range of observation is remarkably limited for a man trained in *reportage*. Mr. Gollancz recently sent us round the world with another journalist, Cedric Belfrage, and the trip is rapidly becoming as hackneyed as an expedition to Margate on the *Crested Eagle*. Mr. Clarke goes through the familiar motions appropriate to Egypt, Hawaii, Hollywood and the American railways, always taking pains to record any significant conversations he can find; but the value of evidence is uncomfortably dependent upon the insight with which questions are framed, and Mr. Clarke is far from being a profound interrogator. There is, for example, little nourishment in this sort of thing:

> Hi Toots! Hollywood! Town of nervous breakdowns, saccharine kisses, astronomical salaries and grade-A love-making.

I suggest that this famous publicity slogan with its variant openings of "Whoopee!" and "Zowie!" should now be ceded exclusively to subsidised fan magazines.

Mr. Clarke's one great virtue is his modesty. "I am merely gossiping my way round the world," he says, "making notes of things heard and seen as an ordinary reporter would do in the course of his job." Such unassuming simplicity must dull the edge of criticism in any reviewer who is not inhuman. Mr. Clarke chats away in the manner of an amiable uncle, determined to find an earnest pleasure in everything. His gossip is always readable, even if it is not very different from the gossip of any uncle in any railway carriage. In fact, on a long and tedious train journey *Round the World with Tom Clarke* is just the kind of light reading you like to nod over.

Mr. Grossek is not so modest as Mr. Clarke. "I have always been intensely curious about myself," he says, "and I can never fully fathom myself." The interest of *First Movement* depends on the qualities of this unfathomable "self." Mr. Grossek has no tales of travel or action to tell; he has, indeed, little at all to tell except that he is the son of a Jewish tailor, that he went to an elementary school and advanced by scholarships to the City of London School and London University. This lack of notable objective experience is no bar to good autobiography. *Tristram Shandy* and Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* are encouraging models for a triumph over apparently limited material—but there is, of course, an increased strain on the author's innate talents. It is Mr. Grossek's misfortune that he lacks the equipment for this difficult undertaking. He has not sufficient introspective skill to make any memorable discovery about himself, and he is devoid of the sensitivity which would give a specific shape to his environment. Very little attempt is made to fathom the unfathomable "I," and most of the book is made up of gently facetious whimsicalities on the subject of Mr. Grossek's teachers and schoolfellows. This might have a mild keyhole interest if Mr. Grossek were so celebrated that we brought to his book a lust for every trifle of his childhood, but the narrative never holds our attention on its own account. So far from discovering anything unique, Mr. Grossek portrays a "self" which is no different from thousands of others.

Mr. Clouston takes us to the other extreme. His book is made possible only by the fact that he did not stay at home, and it is supremely a victory of matter over manner. Mr. Clouston took a bet that he would travel round the world, starting without any resources, and *The Happy Hobo* is an account of his attempt. Mr. Clouston has not yet succeeded, but he has already reached many countries and he lives to tell the story. In contrast with

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Mr. Clarke's first-class transport, Mr. Clouston has had to work his passage, "jump" trains, and walk. His account of low-life adventures in London and America is particularly interesting, and he shows himself to be a man of resource in difficult circumstances. *The Happy Hobo* is a pleasant foil to *Round the World with Tom Clarke*.

*Such is Life* was first published in Australia over thirty years ago, and it says something for its quality that the book still has the savour and vividness of a contemporary record. Tom Collins has the twin blessings of a personal style and a flair for catching the essence of a character. On the surface he is humorous, wayward and fanciful in the traditional way of an Irishman with a tale, but there is more to his book than that. These complicated anecdotes are certainly very funny at times, but behind a façade of comedy Collins creates an atmosphere of epic austerity about his bullock-drivers and station-hands. He is deceptively skilful in his suppression of detail, so that the men he meets are masked in a sort of heroic anonymity. Conversation springs up by a camp fire, and we catch only a few nick-names and a glimpse of a face; but what good conversation it is! All that we need to know is given, and the rest is concealed. It is the manner of the epic poem, played over with a mischievous humour that belies the author's uncommon skill. I recommend *Such is Life* for its gay buffooneries, but still more for the fastidious, unassuming and beautifully modulated prose in which it is written.

Miss Scudder's *On Voyage* does not seem likely to appeal to English readers, although it may well be popular in America. The greater part of the book is devoted to American college affairs, and it is difficult to share Miss Scudder's admiration for the many doubtless worthy but quite unknown ladies she mentions. One regrets, for example, that in a college fire in 1914:

> Emily Balch, for instance, lost all the material for seven courses, including her valued maps of Czechoslovakia,

but no one, except perhaps Mr. Arthur Marshall, can be very deeply stirred without some personal knowledge of Miss Balch. And much the same must be said of *Galloping Jack*, a brief memoir celebrating the conventional military services of a South African soldier.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS


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## THE MOVIES

**The Romance of the Movies.** By LESLIE WOOD. *Heinemann.* 15s.

**Hollywood Through the Back Door.** By E. NILS HOLSTIUS. *Bles.* 10s. 6d.

**Movie Merry-Go-Round.** By JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS. *Newnes.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Leslie Wood is an historian in perfect accord with his subject. No doubt as to the romanticness of the cinema business rises to undermine his confidence. He has the eagerness and the bated breath of the newsreel editor, the facile irony of the commentator. And, when occasion demands it, his prose has all the poetry of a subtitle. "The tragic blows of Fate buffeted his life to the end of his days," he writes of Mr. William Friese-Green, who first invented the moving pictures. He senses melodrama in the story of Louis Le Prince, another early experimenter, who "though six foot four inches in height, well built, gentle and slow to take offence" disappeared one day from a train between Dijon and Paris and was never seen again. "The Strange Case of Louis Le Prince must remain unsolved," concludes Mr. Wood. He has a mass of information, and anecdotes. His account of Will Barker's 15-minute version of *Hamlet* is amusing. Barker found a man who knew the part to play Hamlet, but for the rest of the cast he simply sent out postcards to anyone who asked less than 10s. for a day's acting.

> At 8.30 Will Barker proceeded to cast the picture. Noticing a tall man, he announced: "You're tall enough—you can play the Ghost. Now can any lady swim?" One woman said modestly that she could swim a little. "All right," said Barker, "you can play Ophelia."

And so on. But whether he is dramatising the first meeting between D. W. Griffith and Mary Pickford (compared respectively to Shakespeare and Bernhardt), or describing the technical terms used in a modern studio, or whether he is recording the fact that at one time, if there were too much "amorous dalliance" in a film, the cinema exhibitors (at the Trade Show) "would stamp their feet in unison—thump, thump—and wrathfully chant "Sixpence a foot! Sixpence a foot!" Mr. Wood never loses his bubbling vitality. And anyone who can feel cheered by Dick Turpin riding to York along a telegraph-poled North Road will recognise the same glorious touch on page 285 where Mr. Wood writes "sanguinary" when he would say confident.

Mr. E. Nils Holstius is a London business-man who has written several novels. Last year he made a pilgrimage to Hollywood hoping to write for the movies, first on his own merits, secondly by introductions, and thirdly by influence. He was disappointed each time, and this is a disgruntled book. In Hollywood he was handicapped by a lack of adaptability. Within a few weeks of his arrival he was told that what the studios wanted was stories not employees. In spite of this he spent his six months in Hollywood trying to get a job and angrily consuming highballs between-whiles. Although, by his own account, when stories are required he can only be stopped by a shortage of ink, till his last day at each interview with a film company he pointed naively to his books, saying that they didn't show what he could do. A good deal of Mr. Holstius' animosity is directed against Jews. He has a fellow-feeling for Nazi Germany. The following is an example of his reasoning power: (1) Jews own everything but banks in Hollywood; (2) but most of the film companies are owned by banks; (3) therefore Jews own everything. At a pinch it would be possible to sympathise with Mr. Holstius in his troubles. He has wasted his time and money, hurt himself and achieved nothing. But a vein of quasy sentimentality mingled with self-pity, boastfulness and some irritating tricks of style make this book hard to enjoy. Mr. Holstius has written of Hollywood like a bore with a sore head.

"It will surely be one of the shrewdest and most practical comments on the film business yet written," writes Miss Madeline Carroll in the foreword to *Movie Merry-Go-Round*. Miss Carroll was too optimistic, there is no comment. This odd little compendium includes articles by Jessie Matthews (on the world significance of being a film star), Joan Crawford (on how hard a film star has to work) and an intelligent review by Ivor Montagu of the decline of German films which is thoroughly out of place in such facetious surroundings. There is also a dictionary of film terms which includes such useful information as "*Climax* Big dramatic moment in film. *Close-Up*. Close view of an artist on the screen. *Comic*. A funny man." And a lot of other equally valuable facts.

GRAHAM BELL

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## DECLINE AND FALL?

**Menace of British Depopulation.** By G. F. McCLEARY, M.D. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.

**Aspects of a Changing Social Structure.** By SIR PERCY ALDEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.

The birth-rate is News; Professor Carr-Saunders, Dr. Kuczinski, Sir William Beveridge and Dr. Enid Charles have seen to that. Dr. McCleary, casting his net less deeply but more widely, gives the general reader the facts about population trends not only in this country, but also in the Dominions, and reaches disheartening conclusions. Everywhere the British stock is numerically on the downgrade. Alone among the countries of the Empire, Canada has a net reproduction rate consonant with a continued increase of population; but that is the doing of the Catholic French-Canadians, with their abhorrence of birth-control and their tradition of enormous families. In South Africa the European population is just holding its own; it is not likely to do so for long. Australia and New Zealand—the latter with the lowest death-rate in the world—are not reproducing themselves, and nor, by a very long way, is Great Britain.

Dr. McCleary's data and calculations are not new, and do not claim to be more than a compendious summary of the work of the experts. As such, they succeed in providing for the general reader a sorely needed perspective. Particularly interesting, for that wider public which is unlikely to tackle Mr. D. V. Glass's comprehensive *Struggle for Population*, is the account of the measures adopted in various countries to encourage births—family allowances, marriage loans, tax discriminations and remissions, penalisation of birth control propaganda, privileges and honours for parents; and if there is nothing very constructive and hopeful in Dr. McCleary's suggestions and comments the fault is with the facts—it is hardly possible to do much with them by any specific measures. Family allowances, etc., may well make a difference in some marginal cases; a solution of the housing problem (and so far as the middle classes are concerned the domestic service problem) would both help; but while these things might well make the difference between one child and two or three in many families there can be few parents whom they would induce to raise the number to five or six. And a new attitude to the value of life itself as compared with standards of living is neither probable at present nor easily controllable were it to arise.

That is not to say that nothing can be done along the lines attempted or suggested nor that it is not worth doing. After all, every little helps, and the slower the decline—if decline there must be—the less the resulting economic and social dislocation. In *Aspects of a Changing Social Structure*, Sir Percy Alden, starting from the data used by Dr. McCleary, discusses the possibilities of making the world a better place into which to bring children and in which to rear them. This is not by any means his sole theme; consisting as it does of a reprint of eight Sir Halley Stewart lectures, his book has no more unity than is provided by a keen interest in social amelioration. He ranges from infant welfare to the future of agriculture and of coal, and provides, besides a good summary of the work, shortcomings and possibilities of our present social services, much sensible comment on Government control of economic life. He sees no fundamental sickness in our social order, no fundamental weakness in our economic system. There will be many who will dismiss his suggestions at once as a mere patching of a rotten fabric, the improvement of amenities on a sinking ship. But if we have to face the crisis of Socialist revolution, or the long stress of great changes in population, it is surely better to face them with good human material and with industries in good working order; and thus books like *Aspects of a Changing Social Structure*, summing up those elements of policy common to almost all men of good will, have an immediate usefulness far exceeding their ultimate value as diagnosis or prophecy.

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**Rainbow Fish.** By RALPH BATES. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

**Gentleman Overboard.** By HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Before declaring the bazaar open this week I wish to clear my conscience concerning one of the books reviewed here a fortnight ago. I dismissed, not indeed with contempt, but with praise which I now consider far too faint, a volume of short stories called *More Than Somewhat*, by Damon Runyon (Constable, 7s. 6d.). I can think of no excuse for my obtuseness: presumably I read them in a grumpy mood; but then a critic is supposed to have no moods, grumpy or otherwise, which cannot instantly be dispelled by the discovery of a first-rate piece of work. And in their own peculiar way these stories certainly are first-rate—beautifully put together and stylistically both flawless and exhilarating; even when read aloud they sound funny. They deal with the toughest of Broadway toughs, and are all conversation—either that of the guys and dolls who form the narrator's picturesque circle, or that of the narrator himself, a timid conciliating sort of person who is "simply known to one and all as a guy who is around" and is, furthermore, "greatly opposed to guys who violate the law," though for such guys he seems to possess a great attraction. The absolutely uninterrupted use of the present tense, the mingled formality and enterprise of language, the Homeric recurrent phrases ("around and about," "well known to one and all") and the Homeric fixed epithets (wives remain "ever-loving" at the very moment of reviling their husbands)—these are the elements of a narrative style which has a delightfully soothing effect on the reader. My *volte-face* over Mr. Runyon led me to glance again at the other books which had left me cold that week; but with them, no amount of tapping on the glass could shift the barometer.

Mr. Stapledon has followed up his remarkable *Last and First Men* (now available as a sixpenny Penguin) with a still more extensive exercise of the cosmical imagination. The scope of *Star Maker* is enormous. It relates an imaginative vision during which the narrator, as a disembodied intelligence, is projected without conscious volition through depth after depth of space and time. Gradually learning to control his movements, and instinctively searching first for a planet having some sort of life not too dissimilar from our own, he finds "Other Earth." This is only the first stage of an immense pilgrimage on which he is joined by other questing beings; his spirit forms with theirs a sort of group soul, slowly comprehending its aim, which is to face

*To be Published July 19th*

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In the series of Pelican Books issued in the past two months, we, the publishers, stated that the Editor was advised in his selection by Prof. LANCELOT HOGBEN. This statement was incorrect. Prof. Hogben has at no time made any agreement to act for us in such capacity, nor have we had the benefit of his advice in our selection. At his request we acknowledge that we had no authority whatever for including Prof. Hogben's name in the list of Advisory Editors and express our regret for the error.

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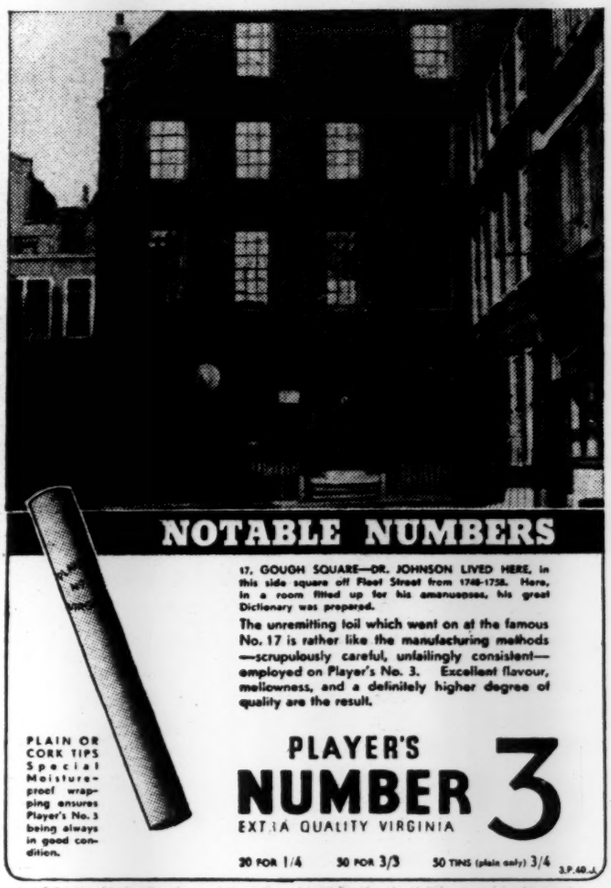
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and understand the essential spirit of the universe. At "the supreme moment of the cosmos" the narrator, now absorbed into the cosmical mind, feels himself to be confronted with the source and the goal of all finite things. It is an experience of anguish and horror, yet it induces a mood of acquiescence and praise. It will be seen that, in spite of the variety and accuracy of his scientific imaginings, Mr. Stapledon's purpose is at heart metaphysical and mystical. Reading *Star Maker*, we are often reminded of the spiritual adventures after death of the soul of Cardinal Newman's Gerontius; there, too, the moment of ecstasy brought its agonised revulsion: "Take me away, and in the lowest deep There let me be And there in hope the lone night-watches keep."

The contemplative and philosophical core of the book seems to me, who have no great acquaintance with the literature of mysticism, to be noble and profound. Mr. Stapledon is an artist in the use of words, and it is a remarkable achievement to hold and actually increase our interest in the ever more rarefied perceptions and conceptions of the later chapters. Since it is difficult to detach such passages from their context, I must illustrate his quality as a writer by quoting from the scene of the traveller's midnight return to the earth from which, for apparent aeons, he has been parted. From his little hill he sees in imagination the whole extent of the sphere:

> Far left-wards again, Russia, an appreciably convex segment of our globe, snow-pale in the darkness, spread out under the stars and cloud-tracts. Inevitably I saw the spires of the Kremlin, confronting the Red Square. There Lenin lay, victorious. Far off, at the foot of the Urals, imagination detected the ruddy plumes and smoke-pall of Magnetostroy. Beyond the hills there gleamed a hint of dawn; for day, at my midnight, was already pouring westward over Asia, overtaking with its advancing front of gold and rose the tiny smoke-caterpillar of the Trans-Siberian Express. . . . In every village Asiatic children were waking to another school-day, and to the legend of Lenin. . . . From my midnight I looked into China. The morning sun glanced from the flooded fields and gilded the ancestral graves. The Yang Tse, a gleaming, crumpled thread, rushed through its gorge. . . .

The only artistic flaw in *Star Maker* is that it is cast in two different planes. It is not easy to see how this could have been avoided, but the discrepancy remains. Alongside poetical apprehension of beauty and philosophical searching for truth there runs the detailed description of alien worlds—what the inhabitants looked like, their mechanical appliances, institutions, and wars; and the greater wars of systems and of galaxies which Mr. Stapledon grimly imagines to follow the wars on single planets. All this, though not quite so suspensive of disbelief as Mr. Wells at his best, is brilliant enough in its way, and moreover, owing to frequent parallels with our own contemporary struggles, it will delight and encourage many readers. But from it incompatibility results: at one moment we are reading what we know to be first-rate factual inventing, at the next we are plunged deep in the contemplation of spiritual forces, expressed it is true in the shape of a Platonic myth, but of essential and eternal interest to mankind in all ages. It is as though we were to pass from an admirable lecture by the Webbs on the future of Trades Unionism to the *adagio* of Beethoven's Opus 111. The planes do not meet. Nevertheless the book is a fine and, despite its apparent irrelevance to our times, a comforting achievement beside which the general run of novels is bound to look small.

Nothing, however, can detract from the effect made by the integrity and directness of Mr. H. E. Bates' volume of sixteen short stories. Each one is stripped to its essentials; there is no verbiage, no sham-psychological beating about the bush. Four or five of these sketches could hold their own in almost any company; "The Kimono," for instance, a story of unrelieved sensual passion which yet remains wholly unpretentious. Nearly all writers who attempt this theme slip into falseness: they protest too much, are too anxious to convey the full flavour of the raptures. Mr. Bates says, by Laurentian standards, scarcely anything—and we believe him implicitly:

> We went straight upstairs. There was no decision, no asking, no consent in it at all. We went straight up out of a tremendous equal passion for each other. We were completely in unison, in desire and act and consummation and everything. Someone came in the shop and rang the bell loudly while we were upstairs, but it made no difference.

"The Captain" is a terrifying story of a boy who revenges himself on a bullying man by starving his dog to death in the heat; "Italian Haircut" is a blissful exercise in pure comedy. "Finger Wet, Finger Dry" crackles with humour, and "Cloudburst" is a memorable landscape in the author's familiar manner. Perhaps the most subtle of all is "Breeze Anstey," a study of a girl's jealousy of the man who is going to marry her idolised friend. Only a few belong to the fashionable all-atmosphere-and-no-plot convention, and even these are full of delectable phrases and pictures.

About the other Mr. Bates I cannot be so enthusiastic. *Rainbow Fish* consists of four short novels, the best of which, "The Other Land," follows with some subtlety the interlocking fortunes of a group of people who frequent or look after a London Thames-side park. The remaining three stories, and even this to a certain extent, are ruined for me by a particularly irritating form of over-elaboration. Clarity, which should surely be the first aim of all artists working on a small scale, is taboo to Mr. Ralph Bates. Though he is a clumsy writer, and can perpetrate a word like "precisest," his individual sentences are generally intelligible; but in the building-up of paragraphs and the general conduct of the story he seems to have no guiding line to follow, so that the narrative flounders in a mass of half-related impressions, and it is, in fact, often quite difficult to know just where we are and what is going on. Some people like this, and say that it reflects the complexity and untidiness of life, but myself I cannot abide it. Oh for the precision, efficiency, and maturity of the despised Victorians! Even their minor novelists knew just what they were up to, whereas I suspect Mr. Bates of always just missing the point he is hoping to make. His material varies widely in interest. His Spaniards (in "Death of a Virgin") are warm and interesting, but "Dead End of the Sky" is a real period piece of nineteen-twenty-ish Futilitarianism, with its group of Montparnassians shuffling and banging their way around Paris and the Mediterranean, periodically exchanging mistresses, starting squalid rough-houses in pubs, and drinking. Lord, how tired we get of the drinking! If you don't know the genre, here is a sample:

> . . . we danced until Yvonne went down under the heaviest drunk I have ever seen on any human being. Pierre fell down with her when he tried to carry her out, but she never murmured, not even when I dragged her out to the back. I tried to make her sick, but I could not stand the stench of the urinal, and people kept tripping over her legs. . . .


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And in the next chapter we have to slush our way through the whole scene again, from Pierre's point of view.

*Gentleman Overboard* is a brief novel principally concerned with the sensations and thoughts of a very correct American businessman who falls overboard in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and, after thirteen hours afloat in a calm sea, drowns. It is a *tour de force*, well written and in some respects brilliantly imagined. In fact, if you can bring yourself to believe that the most gentlemanly person in the world could actually laugh at the absurdity of such a predicament ("it just was not done, that was all . . . Henry Preston Standish falling off a ship!") and hesitate to strip because of his unconventional blue-and-yellow underwear—if you can believe in such emotions, you may consider it a little masterpiece. It seems to me more probable that all the gentlemanliness in the world would vanish like smoke the moment a man struck the water and, regaining the surface, contemplated the monstrous receding hull of his ship. But one can only guess, after all.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Elements of Economic Theory.** By ERICH ROLL. *Oxford.* 5s.

Professor Erich Roll, who a few years ago published a text book on money which has earned him the gratitude of many students, has now attempted a wider enterprise. He has joined the growing company of those who have, at one time or another, tried to write the perfect introduction to economics; and once again he has stepped straight into the front rank. Distinction of thought, elegance of demonstration, a logical arrangement and a meticulous use of terminology, combine to give the reader a clear insight into the technique of economics and a firm grasp of its essentials. *Elements of Economic Theory* is not perhaps in all respects pedagogically irreproachable; the long introductory chapters, defining, limiting, and discussing methodology, might well bewilder a beginner; and particular points in the exposition are open to criticism. Many textbooks are more smoothly and stimulatingly written; many demand less initial mental effort. Some combine these qualities with a comfortable contact with reality lacking in this austere little volume. Others again convey their content more economically by the use of the graphical method, and have therefore more appeal for the mathematically minded. Some students may prefer to tackle the subject by way of a comprehensive treatise. But there must be a large category of intelligent beginners—and of teachers ready to supply their own concrete examples, to face a strict but rewarding mental discipline unaided by merely verbal dexterity on the part of their chosen guide. Such readers will have the satisfaction of facing with an up-to-date technical equipment, and without the encumbrance of discarded concepts, the problems of high theory which lie ahead.

**Snakes and Their Ways.** By C. H. CURRAN and CARL KAUFFELD. *Harpers.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. C. H. Curran is attached to the department of entomology in the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Carl Kauffield is curator of reptiles at the Staaten Island Zoo. Their sources of information as well as their style of writing belong to the United States. And in their book, though snakes of other nations are not ignored, the serpents of North America command more space, more attention and more detail than those of any other continent. "The study of habits of snakes and the realisation of their immense value in the destruction of rodents . . . has also led to a rising popularity of the study of snakes by a vast army of nature lovers, many of whom keep them as pets in their homes." "Vast army" is perhaps rather a strong expression for the little band of Britons who keep pet snakes, and it is possible that the authors may be a little disappointed with their British public. For this book is intended for the amateur snake-fancier rather than the scientist. It is in effect a good piece of journalism, the information diluted with anecdotes to make it easy to read, and odd corners filled up with snake legends, sea-serpent history and a rather incomplete chapter on snakes in religion. There are 61 illustrations, two indexes (one general and one scientific) and a check list of North American snake families.

**The Polar Regions.** Edited by J. M. SCOTT. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.

*The Polar Regions* is one of a series which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are issuing under the general title of *Life and Art in Photographs*. Polar scenery, as the editor suggests in his terse, informative and often drily funny introduction, since one bit of ice looks very much like another, is generally pretty much the same. And since "the largest purely land-dwelling creature (in the Antarctic) is a wingless mosquito" it seems as if a photographer at the South Pole any way is doomed to a fairly monotonous subject matter. In spite of this the pictures in this book are pleasantly varied. There are ships, igloos, eskimos, penguins, Greenland's icy coastline, explorers, dogs, kyaks and of course, loads of snow. It is a pity that there was no photographer by to snap Horatio Nelson and his polar bear—it would have made a charming frontispiece.

**Hungarian Background.** By ADAM DE HEGEDÜS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

**The Balkans by Bicycle.** By W. PAPEL HAMSHER. *Witherby.* 8s. 6d.

**Sons of the Eagle.** By RONALD MATTHEWS. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

Here are three travel books on Central Europe and the Balkans. In *Hungarian Background*, Mr. A. de Hegedüs, Hungarian born and English by adoption, presents many facets of life in his native land. The author is able to look at the country through English eyes, while his Hungarian birth and knowledge of the language enable him to penetrate more deeply into the outlook of the people than an English writer could hope to do. This book is unique among books on Hungary in that there is no discussion of the revision of the Treaty of Trianon. It can be commended to all who are interested in the peoples of Central Europe, and especially to those proposing to visit Hungary. In *The Balkans by Bicycle*, Mr. Hamsher describes an adventurous journey from Vienna to Istanbul, including a long stay with the monks of Athos, "the Holy Mountain, on whose granite slopes Time's caravan has stood for a thousand years." The description of this enterprising trip suffers perhaps from lack of dialogue, though, since the author travelled alone, he can scarcely be blamed for the omission. Mr. Matthews' *Sons of the Eagle* is a travel book of the usual type, describing wanderings in Albania. The numerous illustrations are excellent, though their captions are somewhat florid.

**A History of the Merchant Navy.** By H. MOYSE-BARTLETT. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

There is something inherently fascinating about the sea and ships: whether in the mystery of the unexplored, the ever-evolving technique of construction and seamanship, or the characters of seafaring men themselves. That fascination, together with a number of curious and thought-provoking pieces of information, is well rendered in Mr. Moyse-Bartlett's book, which traces its subject-matter back to pre-history and forward to the recapture of the Blue Riband by that much-publicised portent the *Queen Mary*. He deals equally zestfully with exploration, navigational instruments, rig, hull, and engine design, the law at sea, strategy and commercial policy, insurance, and the Elder Brethren of Trinity House. If the zest is equal, the achievement is not. In the early chapters too little distinction appears between conjecture and known fact; while the interplay of scientific speculation and the practice of navigators is well described, that between economic ideas and mercantile development is grossly distorted; and the contrast between the racy and pungent English of the early explorers, when Mr. Moyse-Bartlett wisely allows them to speak for themselves, and his own pedestrian and even shambling style, is pointed and painful. Nevertheless, this is a book which anyone interested in the sea can read with enjoyment, and the student of economic history—provided he uses a little salutary caution—can study with profit.

**The Other Man's Job.** By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Leigh-Bennett, we are told, writes a quarterly for the Southern Railway which goes to their season ticket holders and deals with every phase of Southern Railway organisation. It must be this which has taught him the technique of a courier to a "conducted tour." In *The Other Man's Job* he gently introduces the reader to air pilots, racing executives, electricians, tug-boat captains, Parisian restaurateurs and bankers, Dutch bulb-growers, dredgers, postmen, potato-growers, railwaymen, hoppers, dockers. . . . The list could be prolonged. While there is no doubt that first-class season ticket holders enjoy reading of other men's hardships and in a railway train profound literature is quite out of place, it seems a pity that Mr. Leigh-Bennett's job should have made him subject to such a conditioned reflex. The other man's job is, of course, very important to the other man, and an understanding of the environment of one's fellow-citizen is essential to any socially minded person. The reader is, however, forced to deplore that Mr. Leigh-Bennett should have approached all these other men in such a spirit of levity and with no sympathy with their economic backgrounds. He writes graphically, he seems to have the good reporter's ability to make people talk, he certainly has the good reporter's knowledge of how to get into places where he probably is not wanted, his subject matter has been well-chosen, yet, because of his lack of placing his subjects in their proper perspective, his book is quite uninteresting. Perhaps it would have been better if he had given us a chapter on writers of Railway Quarterlies.

# About Motoring

## BIG ENGINE OR LITTLE?

THE British motorist is beginning to realise that the horse-power tax has been a terrible incubus, and obstructed the development of the right kind of touring car in these islands. Since the taxation scale was modified several years ago, dealers have been able to sell many more samples of what used to be known as the

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE

The Council invites applications for a Studio Instructorship, at a salary of £300 per annum, the appointment to date from October 1st, 1937.

Further details regarding the appointment, which is subject to the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities, may be obtained from the Registrar.

Applications, accompanied by drawings or photographs of work, two testimonials and the names of two referees, should reach the undersigned not later than September 7th, 1937.

July, 1937. EDWARD CAREY, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

Lectureships in French.

The University Court invite applications for two vacant Lectureships, Grade III, in French: initial salary £320 per annum. A higher commencing salary may be offered in the case of candidates with special qualifications. One Lecturer is required with a special knowledge of Romance Philology and the other with a special knowledge of the literature of the Eighteenth Century. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications (5 copies) should be lodged not later than August 6th, 1937.

July, 1937. J. S. MUIRHEAD, Secretary of University Court.

THE LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC SERVICE proposes to appoint an ASSISTANT EDITOR for three years from October 1st, 1937. Salary £300 to £500 p.a. according to qualifications. Particulars and application forms (returnable by September 13th) from the Secretary to the Service, London School of Economics, Aldwych, W.C.2.

APPLICATIONS are invited from young women, age 21 to 30, for Welfare work and Staff Training in provincial branches of chain store organisation. Applicants must possess personality and enthusiasm. Preference given to candidates with similar experience. Write, stating age and full details of previous experience, to Box No. A.7263, Everett Jones & Delamere, Ltd., 23 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

WANTED. German nurse, third week August. Must have special training for babies. SHEPPHERD, Old Croft, Buntingford, Herts.

COMPANION-HELP wanted. Remuneration. No rough work. Interests: children, music, gardening. Miss M. V. Fox, Porthallow, Wildhern, Andover. 'Phone: Hatherden 38.

EXPERIENCED Lady Secretary-Stenographer, seeks post in London (non-commercial preferable), free mid-September. Box 878, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, 23, wants complete change emp. Aug. and/or Sept. Small salary. Intelligent, Soc., good organiser, drives car. Box 879, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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## PERSONAL

A UNIQUE hol. reqrd. by gentleman (40). What offers? Box 884, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PYRENEES, Aug. 14th–28th. Wanted, one man to join 3 others; hard walking; outside cost £20. Box 870, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG German lady wants position in good English family—au pair. Reply: R. BARTEN, Berlin, Friedenau, Beckerstrassez.

YOUNG Viennese lady wants spend August England, preferably seacoast, with congenial family including young people to perfect her English. Reasonable remuneration offered. MEHLER, Morizgasse 5, Vienna VI.

CAN anyone recommend good inexpensive accommodation preferably in a family for young engineering student leaving Bryanston this term. Must be easy access Clerkenwell, Highgate or Hampstead an advantage. Box 885, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WEALTHY folk intend to evade the horrors of coming war by preparing safe retreats. Humbler folk form an Escape club. Particulars, write MARTIN, 7 Princes St., W.1.

STOCKHOLM.—Eng. reader like meet Swedish. Aug. Box 892, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG man with large Hampstead flat has rooms for 2 others (furn. or unfurn.), meals and service, very reasonable. PRI. 0758 before 10 a.m.

YOUNG man interested in mathematics wishes to meet such another. Box 881, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG Austrian University woman, returning Austria end of July, would like young intelligent woman holiday companion, preferably with car, for Austrian mountain or lakeside holiday. Expenses shared. Full particulars to Box 893, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WILL anyone receive woman writer (33), temporarily homeless, September, *au pair*, or for small sum. Country, Kent, Sussex. Experienced children, housekeeping, Secretarial work; or can anyone recommend country inn? Box 883, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

INDIAN gentleman wants long holiday accommodation, tennis, nice people, country, Isle of Wight or Ireland preferred. Write to Box 887, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AN opportunity occurs for one or two people interested in country life and crafts to share house and workshops in lovely part of the West Country. Box 868, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG woman writer wants position August–October, *au pair*, in real country. Children. Typing. Trained artist. Box 882, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED—middle-aged woman to share expenses of small car and small flat in Hampstead Garden Suburb. Apply: K., Highview, Castle Hill, Maidenhead.

COUPLE home from abroad, fortyish, educated; Husband Scotch, reliable, business, and managerial experience; Wife domestic, artistic, understands modern conditions and demands; has experience running Mayfair Guest House; seek activity together at home or abroad. Son, Boarding-school age. Good references. Box 876, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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"American" type of chassis, namely, a full-sized platform, capable of mounting a saloon to seat four or five corpulent people, and engines with a power unit rated at from 18 to 25 horse power, or even more. Typical examples are the larger Wolseley and Morris sixes, the bigger Vauxhalls, the Ford V8, and such well-known imported cars as the Chevrolet, Studebaker, and Terraplane. (I omit the costlier vehicles of this size, as they have been good sellers for many years past to people who were not deterred from purchase by a £25 tax.) This change in market conditions has enabled an increasing number of enthusiasts to make personal comparisons between what was until recent years the typical British cheap car, and that very different vehicle which occupied the parallel niche on the American market. The British car for poor men was what the Americans rudely term a "buzz-waggon." A small chassis housed a small engine and carried a small body; by dint of first-class design and workmanship these tiny engines were capable of very high engine revolutions, recorded a low fuel consumption, and attained their 60 m.p.h. Their occupants were jammed together like sardines in a tin; the suspension was usually none too good, thanks to the stumpy character of the chassis; gear changing was incessant in hilly country; and they were proportionately noisy. The American car for poor men was about 20 h.p.; executed nearly all its work on top gear; moved in silence; accommodated its passengers in space and—if well designed—in comfort; enjoyed really good suspension; and mocked at competition from the buzzwaggons in most Dominion markets. This contrast in types was never free or voluntary. The British designer was driven to develop the tiny car with a very high-speed engine by two factors quite outside his control. First, because the Treasury horse-power tax prevented his clients from buying cars rated at £20 for taxation purposes; second, because petrol is so dear in Great Britain. The American manufacturer's hands were not tied in this fashion, because he had no horse-power tax to contend with, and his fuel was enviably cheap.

Motorists will watch the new Minister of Transport with interest. He may be so obsessed by the "safety" aspect of his onerous duties that he will never visualise the technical aspect here under consideration. But he could benefit both the industry and the public if he terminated the horse-power tax as soon as possible. Let it be bluntly stated that on the road there is no comparison whatever between the buzzwaggon and the 20 h.p. saloon. The latter wins every time. It is far pleasanter to drive. It furnishes much more comfortable motoring for its occupants. It is safer, because it is more flexible, and refuses to obsess its pilot with a mad passion to keep up his engine revolutions on a gradient. This assertion is incontestable, for we all know there is not one solitary motorist in Great Britain who prefers a buzz-waggon to a 20 h.p. saloon for any but financial reasons. So it really only remains to consider whether the transfer from buzz-waggon to 20 h.p. could be effected without convulsing the national revenue in the process. Nor does this condition really require analysis. The Government desires to extract *x* million pounds annually from the pockets of motorists. Presumably, being nominally a democratic Government, it would prefer to extract these millions fairly, extorting money from each individual in proportion to his powers of contribution. At present it says, "You can afford an expensive car with a high petrol consumption; ergo, you shall pay more than a fellow who drives a cheap car with a low petrol consumption!" That is quite fair from the purely political standpoint. The tragedy of it is that it compels a majority of the motoring public to own and drive cars which are fundamentally inferior to the cars which they might own and drive under wiser government—are not their baby cars vulgarly described as "roadlice" by people who know what cars should be? Moreover, as the essential corollary of this policy our motor factories are compelled to organise their plants to construct cars which are notoriously unsuitable for Dominion use, and which are in fact largely unsaleable outside the British Isles.

Now suppose that Dr. Burgin has a brainwave, and chews the abolition of the horse-power tax. He can still grade the impact of his taxes to the pocket of the individual in two obvious ways. First and foremost, the petrol tax enables him to fleece the owner who uses a thirsty engine. Certain leviathan cars average about 10 miles to the gallon of fuel; but the owner compelled by poverty to economise can purchase a baby car which covers 45 miles on a gallon of petrol. Hence the petrol tax, all by itself, automatically discriminates between the man who can splash money about, and the man who spends pennies thoughtfully. It is even arguable that a single tax, based on petrol alone, would meet the needs of revenue, of the technical designer, and of the pleasure-loving owner very efficiently indeed, though such a single tax would, of course, need considerable scaling up to furnish the required revenue. But there is another excellent potential string to Dr. Burgin's bow. The rich man pays from say £500 to £3,000 for his car. At the lower end of the motoring scale the impecunious motorist may buy a tenth-hand Baby Austin for £15. Obviously, a revised petrol tax could be reinforced by a second tax based not on engine size (which is in essence a certain volume of air surrounded by cast-iron), but on car price. Each year the motorist on this system would supplement his petrol tax by paying a percentage of either the prime cost or the current value of whatever vehicle his garage might house. On this system the designer could plan the perfect car at a given price, liberated from all arbitrary handicaps and restrictions. On this system the user could pick the sort of car which within his pecuniary capacity best suits his needs. There is no problem or snag or difficulty anywhere in the business. It is delayed, postponed, or ignored for two reasons only. One is the inertia which makes all Governments slow to act except under vehement public pressure. The other is another brand of inertia—that lethargy which shrinks from departmental reorganisation. The bureaucracy happens to be organised to administer a thoroughly bad system of taxation. It will not budge, until it is kicked.

R. E. DAVIDSON

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 383

**Set by H. D. Waley**

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best epitaphs on a swatted fly.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 23rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 381

**Set by Hamish Miles**

Here is a fairly unfamiliar variant of the Limerick:

There was an Old Man of Tralee,
Who was badly stung by a wasp.
When they said: "Does it hurt?"
He replied: "Not in the least,
As a matter of fact I thought at first it was a hornet."

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best original example on this model.

**Report by Hamish Miles**

Under what evil star I thought of this competition, I know not. But the response gave me a disturbed week-end. Not only were the entries numerous—as many as seven in one envelope—but the reading of so many distortions produced a sort of dizziness which lasted for an hour or two. It was disturbing also to find that so many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION practise the art of highly improper verse in their spare time: let Simoon, G. U. V., a B.Sc., Artemisia, and an entrant from the Athenaeum stand rebuked. However, I must stand rebuked, it seems, myself. The first envelope I opened, from Cornwall, contained a learned three-page essay showing that I had misquoted W. S. Gilbert and misrepresented his prosody and intentions. From Uttoxeter came a similar rebuke, with an entry of unpronounceable ingenuity. Others obligingly sent critical apparatus: thanks. Too many sobersides tried to combine political satire ("old men of Bewdley," "of Rome," "of Burgos," and so on) with a form which simply doesn't suit it. But I liked Arnold Hyde's

There was an old fellow called Huggar,
Who was captain and mate of a fishing smack.
When a yacht crossed his bows
He said: "My word!
It's an awfully good thing it wasn't a liner!"

# HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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ASHDOWN FOREST.—Unique guest house, off main road. Lovely views, unspoilt country. Riding, walking, golf. Aga cooking, running water, modern beds. 4 *gns.* weekly, 3½ *gns.* monthly, 35s. week-ends, 42 miles London. Main line one mile, trains met. BOXHOLM, Buxted, Sussex. Telephone: Buxted 248.

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ISLE OF WIGHT. Sun bathing, country mansion in 23 acres. H. and c. water, elec. light, modern sanitation, own sea shore, safe bathing, S.B. enclosures, tennis. Brochure, N.S. & N., Woodside, Wootton, I.W.

L.B.C. "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings, is the "Left" Guest House with modern comfort and cuisine. Four woodland acres. Tennis. Dance hall. Write for illustrated brochure or 'phone Baldslow 19.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

FISHING, tennis, riding available; near sea, golf. Guests, gentleman's home, h. & c. bedrooms. 4 *gns.* week. ALDRIDGE, Mount Falcon, Ballina, Mayo.

IN a quiet place within a few minutes of Sea and Downs. H. and C. and gas fires in bedrooms, best English cooking, delightful garden, very comfortable. SUNSHINE HOUSE, Seaford, Sussex. 'Phone 533.

HASTINGS. THE TOWERS. Old Italian House with every modern comfort; unique position, 5 mins. sea. Shady gardens. Garage. Write for brochure or 'phone 1786.

PARK House, Black Notley, Braintree, Essex. 16th Century Guest House. Quiet, informal. 5s. per day.


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The varied and interesting itinerary gives opportunity for delightful excursions ashore

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This unhurried Mediterranean Cruise of three weeks duration on the W.T.A.'s Charter Liner s.s. "Esperance Bay" (14,204 tons), offers a perfect holiday at low fares.
There is still time to book for this splendid Cruise, but you should act immediately to secure accommodation.

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Fares range from £21 to £31

Write to-day for illustrated folder and booking form.

W.T.A.
The W.T.A. Ltd. Cruise Organisers
Head Office: (32) Transport House, Smith Sq., Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 7430 (8 lines)
City Office: 59, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4 Phone: City 6794
Manchester: 32, Corporation Street. Phone: Blackfriars 2855 *and from all Travel Agents.*


## HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ *gns.* per week.

DEVON (North), Cherryford, Parracombe. Restful surroundings. Nr. sea, golf, Exmoor. Mod. convens.

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THE Left Holiday Rest Camp. Near Hamble river. Particulars, PYLANDS, Bursledon, Southampton.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Beautiful home for guests, standing in 7 acres. Restful. Electric light, h. and c. running water, garage, tennis, riding. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

SURREY, Nr. Friday Street. Glorious country. Complete peace. Comfort. Excellent cooking. Pinehurst Hotel, Tillingbourne Valley, Wotton, Nr. Dorking. 'Phone: Abinger 39.

SUSSEX Downs and Sea. Riding, tennis, golf. From White Lodge Hotel, Crowborough Road, Saltdean. Rottingdean 9614.

A HOLIDAY of real refreshment amid the beauty and peace of SANDY BALLS WOOD, edge New Forest. Furnished chalets. Camp sites. Sun and river bathing. Provision store. Ideal for children. Apply HARROD, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

BEAUTIFIL BUTTERMERE. Freest, driest, finest centre in Lake District. VICTORIA HOTEL. Tel.: Buttermere 2. Electricity, h. & c. Private Swiss balconies with best views.

DARTMOUTH, Devon, Warfleet Creek Hotel. Up to date. Near sea. Real French Cooking. Moderate terms. French management. Tel.: 144.

## HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

CORNWALL, Penzance. Comfortable guest house. Close sea, country, from 2 *gns.* Reduction long visits. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road.

JOHN FOTHERGILL at The Three Swans, Market Harborough, half-way between London and Manchester, and the East and West coasts, offers comfort, charm and good or uncommon food at all hours.

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MIDDLE day dinner. Garden, b droom. Gas fires in bedrooms, also other comforts. MISS TURNER, "Sea View," Brighton 1, Sussex.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE Border. Solicitor's wife running Guest-house. Golf, car; 42s. HAGEN, Sherston, Wiltshire.

LAKELAND. Delightful 18th cent. house, between Buttermere and Vale of Lorton; 9s. daily. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth.

PAYING GUESTS welcomed. Superior Country House near Brighton. Garage, tennis, riding, walks, etc. Excellent food and cooking; modern conveniences. From 2½ *gns.* inclusive. "ARDEN GRANGE," Albourne, Sussex. Tel.: Hurstpierpoint 185.

WEST HIGHLANDS. A small, quiet and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on Loch Linnhe. MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Fort William, Inverness-shire.

NEAR Dieppe. Grand Hotel, BERNEVAL sur mer. Picturesque country. Good bathing and sands. Tennis in own garden. Food specially good. Pension 35-45 frcs. Personal recommendations.

SOVIET RUSSIA. Limited number of places available for special F.S.U. Tour to U.S.S.R., leaving London July 31st. Also bookings all the year round. Write for details F.S.U. TOURS DEPT., Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

BRITTANY, South Coast; home comforts. Guests received in modernised private house; 50 acres grounds; on sea. Bathing, fishing, boating, sailing. Tennis clubs and picturesque fishing harbour near. Excellent tourist centre. Car. From 55 *frs.* per day. MME. CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, en Beuzec Conq. Finistere.

RIVIERA, HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 8s.

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HAMPSTEAD. Modern service rooms. Moderate terms inclusive bath. Breakfast optional. 14 Kemplay Road, N.W.3. Hampstead 2039.

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UNUSUAL bachelor rm. in private house, £1. Also large rm. as studio single or double. Garden. Breakfast or use kitchen. PRI. 6534.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

IMPORTANT BOOKS BY SYLVIA PANKHURST:
"The Suffragette Movement." Lovat Dickson, 38 Bedford Street, W.C.2. 7s. 6d. The authentic history of the movement, fully illustrated.

"The Life of Emmeline Pankhurst." Werner Laurie, 24 Water Lane, E.C.4. 3s. 6d.

"The Home Front." Hutchinson's, 34 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. 7s. 6d. A mirror to life in England during the Great War: 32 illustrations. A vivid and informative volume which no sociologist should miss.

"Delphos." a history of international language in Kegan Paul's "Today and Tomorrow" Series. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. 68-74 Carter Lane, E.C.4. 3s. 6d.

"Save the Mothers." George Allen & Unwin, 40 Museum Street, W.C.1. 6s. A plea for a national maternity service; particulars of all the existing schemes and the best things done in all countries.

"Poems of Eminescu," the great Rumanian poet and thinker, with prefaces by Bernard Shaw and Prof. Iorga. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

"NEW TIMES & ETHIOPIA NEWS," edited by Sylvia Pankhurst—a wealth of information on international questions, first-hand news and views from Ethiopia, Italy, Germany, Spain, Geneva, etc., from 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

## MOTORING

AUSTIN 10 1935 Sunshine Saloon, blue, mileage 14,500, one owner, £85. If Tarquinius Superbus had bought this car it would not have excused the profanity of Lars Porsena. Claygate Motors, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

and C. K. B.'s

An American girl at Versailles
Said, " I feel so ashamed I could weep.
Ten days I've been here
And not been to the Louvre."
" Never mind," someone said, " it's probably only the hard water."

And commendations of a high sort should go to Leppoc's No. 3, W. E. B. Henderson, G. Pitt, Redling, Guy Innes, and C. O. L. C. It is impossible to say that anyone excelled unmistakably; and I suggest that the prize-money be equally divided between V. C. Clinton Baddeley, J. Gadsby, Barnacle, and Saskia, for the following:

An old man who lives at Assisi
Considers this problem too simple.
I said in reply
" There's more in it than immediately leaps to mind
But I can't explain that to a stupid foreigner
Who's as old and asthmatic as you are."
V. C. CLINTON BADDELEY

A sporting young gent from Kildare
With his greyhound went coursing the rabbit.
At the end, of the chase
When they'd killed but a couple.
He complained—" the result isn't in my opinion an adequate return for the energy expended."
J. GADSBY

There once was a fellow named Tipping,
Who suffered from nasal catarrh.
When advised to try Hay,
He said, " Really, I declare
Such a diet would only further irritate the tissues the tissues the tissues."
BARNACLE

A great-uncle of mine from Northumberland,
Took young ladies to dine at the Regent Palace.
When they called him a dear
He would say with a smile:
" You should see the helping of chips they give you at the Berkeley."
SASKIA

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 237.—ANDERSON'S BRAIN-WAVE

*By the Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P.*

My friend Anderson is a much better golf player than I am. So when we play against one another he usually gives me 9 strokes in the eighteen-hole round. He either gives me one stroke on the second, fourth, sixth and all the other even holes, or he gives me the strokes on the odd holes instead.

Last time we met he said to me: " I have got a brain-wave. Why shouldn't I give you literally half a stroke on *each* hole? "

" What would be the effect of that? " I said.

" Well, you see, if I do any hole in less strokes than you I win it, but you win all the others."

" So there can never be any holes halved? "

" Precisely."

We decided to play this way, and also, however the match was going, to play out the whole 18 holes and take cards with us and record on them our score of strokes on each hole.

The result of the match was that I won.

" That was a brilliant recovery of yours on the short hole," Anderson said to me. " When I laid my second close to the hole I thought I had a good chance of winning the hole as you had driven into the bunker. And when your chip out of the bunker trickled into the hole I wasn't too pleased."

" But then," I said, " on each of the next three holes you just got down in one less than I."

" Let me look at your card," said Anderson, and then, after a minute, he added, " I see that if we had played the match in either of the usual ways I should have won."

In how many of the eighteen holes did Anderson and I take the same number of strokes to hole out?

### PROBLEM 235.—AN AFFAIR OF HONOURS

*By Hugh Gardner*

*The first card* can be turned in 9 ways:—

4 ways give a King. 3 ways give a Queen. 2 ways give a Knave.

The *first two cards* can be turned up in $9 \times 8 = 72$ ways:—

$4 \times 3 = 12$ ways give 2 kings and kings have won.
$3 \times 2 = 6$ ways give 2 queens and queens have won.
$2 \times 1 = 2$ ways give 2 knaves and knaves have won.

$2 \times (4 \times 3) = 24$ ways give 1 king and 1 queen.
$2 \times (4 \times 2) = 16$ ways give 1 king and 1 knave.
$2 \times (3 \times 2) = 12$ ways give 1 queen and 1 knave.

The *first three cards* can be turned up in $9 \times 8 \times 7 = 504$ ways:—

In $12 \times 7 + 3\,(24 + 16) = 204$ ways 2 kings have turned up before 2 of any other honour.

In $6 \times 7 + 2\,(24 + 12) = 114$ ways 2 queens have turned up before 2 of any other honour.

In $2 \times 7 + 1\,(16 + 12) = 42$ ways 2 knaves have turned up before 2 of any other honour.

In $2 \times 24 + 3 \times 16 + 4 \times 12 = 144$ ways 1 king, 1 queen and 1 knave have turned up.

The *first four cards* can be turned up in $9 \times 8 \times 7 \times 6 = 3{,}024$ ways, and after this one of the honours must have won.

Out of these 3,024 cases:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Kings win | $204 \times 6 + 3 \times 144 =$ | 1,656 times |
| Queens win | $114 \times 6 + 2 \times 144 =$ | 972 times |
| Knaves win | $42 \times 6 + 1 \times 144 =$ | 396 times |

Hence by division we obtain the following relative chances.

Kings win 46 times out of 84 games
Queens win 27 times out of 84 games.
Knaves win 11 times out of 84 games.

Now the party plays 12 games on each of 7 nights, i.e., they play 84 games

Jones backs kings for 1*s.* at evens each game.
Hence he wins 46*s.* and loses 38*s.* *Net gain, 8s. for Jones.*
Smith backs queens for 1*s.* at 2—1 each game.
Hence he wins 54*s.* and loses 57*s.* *Net loss 3s. for Smith.*
Robinson backs knaves for 1*s.* at 6—1 each game.
Hence he wins 66*s.* and loses 73*s.* *Net loss, 7s. for Robinson.*
*Hence Bookmaker Brown stands to win 2s. on the week's play.*

### PROBLEM 234.—THE BUNMOW FLITCH

This problem has (unfortunately) two " cooks." I omitted to state—what I assumed in composing the problem—that the number of voters supporting Betty's husband was throughout greater than the number supporting Betty. This, though reasonable enough as an assumption, in no sense follows from the statement of the problem, and therefore all three answers are admissible.

These are (1) 8, (2) 7, (3) 3. The corresponding tables of progressive votes are:

(1) *The intended solution.*

| | B. | Mrs. B. | P. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st year | 44 | 1 | |
| 2nd ,, | 29 | 2 | |
| 3rd ,, | 17 | 4 | 89 |
| 4th ,, | 14 | 5 | |
| 5th ,, | 9 | 8 | |

(2)

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st ,, | 35 | 1 | |
| 2nd ,, | 23 | 2 | |
| 3rd ,, | 17 | 3 | 71 |
| 4th ,, | 11 | 5 | |
| 5th ,, | 7 | 8 | |

(3)

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st ,, | 17 | 1 | |
| 2nd ,, | 11 | 2 | |
| 3rd ,, | 8 | 3 | 35 |
| 4th ,, | 5 | 5 | |
| 5th ,, | 3 | 8 | |

The problem was devised as a pendant to that of Numberwell and the Nabies.

### PROBLEM 231.—THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Several readers have written me criticising Mr. Pethick-Lawrence's solution of Problem 231 and stating that the correct answer should be 6—2 and not 6—3. Some go further and say that the most probable result of the match will be 6—2, 6—2.

I have submitted this to Mr. Pethick-Lawrence and he replies as follows:—

" I plead guilty to error. Your critics have caught me napping. The answer to the problem as stated should clearly be 6—2.

" Further, had the question been asked as to the most probable result of the match the answer would have been that Hitt wins one of the sets 6—2 and the other 6—3.

" These results arise out of the fact that it is only in an indefinitely large number of games that Hitt will win almost exactly 2 games to 1 won by Miss."

Mr. Pethick-Lawrence has kindly offered to reply personally to some of his correspondents. His problems gave us first-rate entertainment, and I have pleasure in publishing another one this week.

### PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

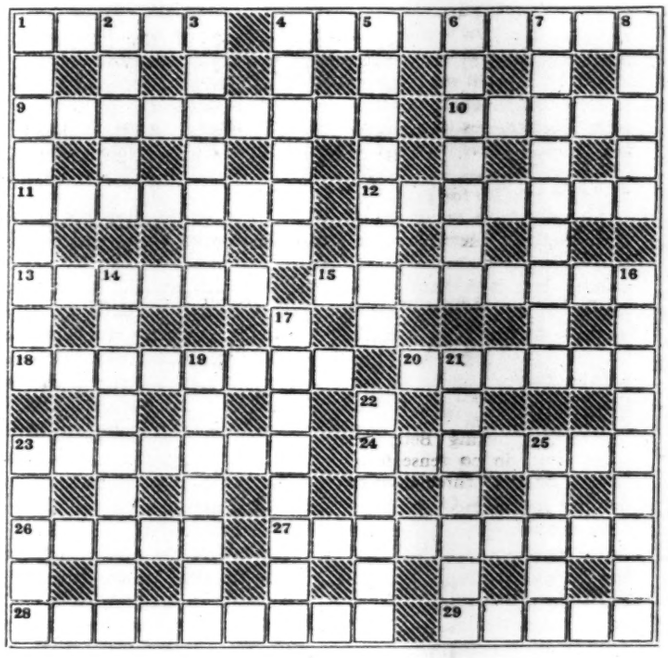
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 384

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Lt.-Col. H. P. Garwood, 38 Hurlingham Court, S.W.6.

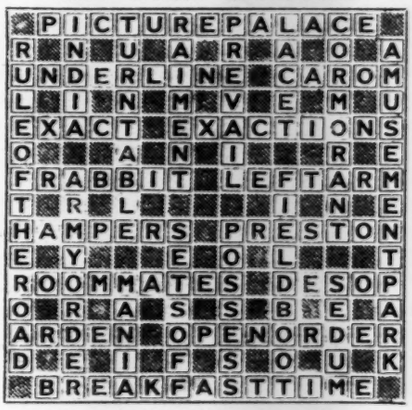
ACROSS

1. A form of sorel. (5)
4. Engaging footwear? (9)
9. A killing sort of catch of course. (9)
10. Coins belonging to a girl. (5)
11. Dam(n) gunfire. (7)
12. Passed on etherially. (7)
13. Served no doubt at the Academy Banquet. (6)
15. Places where one is apt to lose consciousness. (8)
18. Anything getting into this will no doubt find itself in the soup. (8)
20. The act that makes the lamb go. (6)
23. One must not suppose that these football matches are always drawn. (7)
24. One ninth of a prospective crop at Innisfree. (7)
26. East has the best round. (5)
27. Does not usually give a trade opening. (9)
28. How the T.B.D. behaved in action presumably. (9)
29. Dances for cotton spinners. (5)

DOWN

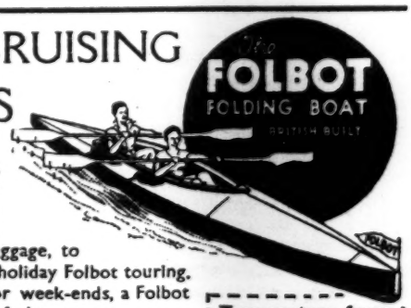
1. Not the hens, but insects. (9)
2. Gives one a step up. (5)
3. There's a change of order. (7)
4. Operatic transport drivers. (6)
5. Size of top-boot (as it were) of the aristocracy? (8)
6. Vehicle that always follows the track. (7)
7. It should make parting sweet you'd think. (9)
8. A seed improved the situation. (5)
14. They stand by the side entry so to speak. (9)
16. Of course they will turn at last—into cocoons. (9)
17. When this insect is aeronautically possible we need never travel away from home. (8)
19. Needlewoman who does not need a thimble. (7)
21. Male version of Nemesis. (7)
22. Where foreign parts are always available. (6)
23. Raised to a third rate power. (5)
25. It looks like the River Whetstone. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD





CANOE CRUISING HOLIDAYS

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21-27, Hatfield St., Golden Lane, London, E.C.1

Two-seaters from as little as
£5-15-0
Also Single- and Three-seaters. Deferred terms arranged.



PARALLEL

*Cried old Archimedes: "Eureka, I've got it,*
*The weight of myself and the water's the same!"*
*How clever of old Archimedes to spot it;*
*"Osmosis," however, you'll find is the name.*

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

*works by Osmosis.*



NOTICE TO CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS

OWING to the steady increase of Classified Advertisements the Advertisement Manager regrets that it is no longer practical to accept telephone dictations on Wednesdays. Exception will be made only in cases of genuine urgency. Advertisers can materially help the Department by sending their instructions as early in the week as possible, and never later than first post Wednesday morning.

The charges for Classified Advertisements are given in the first column of the back page of this issue.

HOLIDAYS

Subscribers are reminded that Change of Address instructions should reach this office by first post Wednesday morning. Subscription rates are given on page 131 of this issue.

*The Publisher,*
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1
*Holborn* 3216

# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET REVIVAL—NEW ISSUES—PALESTINE SECURITIES—CABLES AND WIRELESS

WALL Street recovery this week has forged ahead, with occasional pauses for breath. As is usual with the first upswing after a sharp or prolonged decline, the pace was set by a relatively few leaders, the secondary stocks being slow starters. Thus, the Dow Jones' index of industrials rose 8 per cent., but U.S. Steel 16 per cent. I still regard it as risky for the British investor to re-enter Wall Street as long as President Roosevelt has not disclosed his legislative hand in the taxation of foreigners. The present recovery is due mainly to rejoicing over the re-opening of the "independent" steel works and the climbing-down of Governor Earle of Pennsylvania and Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labour, who were suspected of C.I.D. sympathies. Governor Earle has publicly expressed disapproval of Mr. John Lewis' extreme measures and Miss Perkins has declared sit-down strikes to be illegal. The one-time bandits of Wall Street are now saying that law and order have triumphed over lawlessness. But free democracy, as taught and practised by the States, has not yet triumphed over the personal dictatorship of Mr. Roosevelt, and until the Supreme Court issue is settled the Conservative leaders of American industry may remain in a highly nervous condition. Indeed, if Wall Street is to resume its advance, it will be necessary to convince the American investor that Congress will defeat the Supreme Court Bill and any further radical legislation. This may yet happen, and if it does, it will mean that President Roosevelt's powers are on the wane—and it will mean a Wall Street boom.

* * *

While it is taking a risk, as I have said, for the British investor to plunge into Wall Street during this period of uncertainty, it is reasonable enough to consider, as a longer term transaction, exchanging from some British industrial shares into American if higher earnings yields can be secured with better prospects. There is no doubt that American common stocks are being offered on a cheaper price-earnings ratio than for a long time past. I give some examples from the three groups :

| | 1937 High. | Present Price. | Est. 1937 Earnings. | Price-Earnings Ratio. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Railroads.* | | | | |
| Great Northern .. .. | 56¾ | 50 | 6.50 | 8.44 |
| Southern Pacific .. .. | 65⅜ | 47 | 5.00 | 9.45 |
| *Utilities.* | | | | |
| North American .. .. | 34⅞ | 25¾ | 1.95 | 12.95 |
| S. California Edison .. | 32½ | 24¾ | 2.20 | 11.25 |
| *Industrials.* | | | | |
| Allis-Chalmers .. .. | 83½ | 68 | 4.50 | 15.11 |
| American Smelting .. | 105¾ | 91⅝ | 10.00 | 9.16 |
| Sears-Roebuck .. .. | 95⅜ | 92 | 7.00 | 13.18 |
| Standard Oil of Indiana .. | 49⅞ | 44¾ | 3.75 | 11.93 |

The dividend yields on some of these stocks may not be so high as those obtainable on British industrial shares (except for the Utilities, which are still under the cloud of the Roosevelt attack), but it is the earnings yields which should govern the choice of equity investments. The Utilities, particularly, look cheap. As one New York broker puts it, "Utility shares would be selling 50 per cent. higher if they could be purchased ex politics." As compared with leading British industrial shares, these price-earnings ratios offered on the "big board" in Wall Street are undoubtedly tempting to the long-term British investor.

* * *

In London, the past fortnight has seen a recrudescence of activity in the new issue market, which appears successfully to have thrown off its recent symptoms of indigestion. Two factors have contributed to the revival : the long-term rate of interest has now settled down at a new and, for the time being, apparently stable level ; and the inhibiting uncertainties created by N.D.C. in its original form are out of the way. So far as the gilt-edge section of the market is concerned, the 2½ per cent. National Defence Bonds are still scarcely better than £96, a discount of 3½ on their issue price. On the other hand, the L.C.C. 3½ per cent. stock issued at £101 is quoted now at ⅜—½ premium ; the Leeds issue on similar terms stands at about the same valuation ; and the 3½ per cent. West Riding stock, with a slightly shorter maximum life, is quoted at 1½ premium over its issue price of £100½. Blackpool has been enboldened to make a small issue on the West Riding basis—3½ per cent. at £100½—and it looks as if first-class borrowers need have little difficulty in satisfying their requirements on these terms. As for industrial issues, it is evident that investors in future will be much more critical than they were a few months ago of profits based on the past two years' steep increment. Where it is impossible to point to steady earnings over something like a ten-year period, an earnings yield of well over 12 per cent. from recent trading results is now looked for, where less than 10 per cent. was deemed sufficient last winter. If promoters recognise this changed attitude on the part of potential subscribers, active conditions in the new issue market seem likely to be sustained. According to the *Economist's* weekly computation, the volume of capital raised (excluding conversions) in the first six months of this year was nearly £297 millions, as compared with £180 millions in the corresponding period of 1936. This is good going, and August will doubtless bring a temporary lull ; but there is ample investment money available for sound propositions.

* * *

The British investor is not importantly affected by the recommendations of the Palestine report. Palestine Potash, whose £1 ordinary shares (so far dividend-less) are now quoted at 12*s*., is developing a concession at the southern end of the Dead Sea. Its *locus operandi* will accordingly fall, on partition, into the Arab Zone. Of the remaining concerns with British capital, Jerusalem Electric is confined to the city from which it takes its title. Its annual dividend, declared this week, has been stepped-up from 5 to 6 per cent. Palestine Electric's field of distribution lies within the Jewish Zone, and so do most of the branches of the Anglo-Palestine Bank. All these Palestine securities are now well below their 1936 "high," and can be bought to yield 6 per cent. in the case of the Bank, and over 5 per cent. in the case of Palestine Electric. The yield on Jerusalem Electric is £4 8*s*. per cent. Their recent fall reflects doubts whether the rapid tempo of Palestine development can be indefinitely maintained. As for the country's public debt, which is to be apportioned by a Finance Commission between the two zones, there is £4,475,000 of 5 per cent. stock, standing at about £110 and redeemable in 1942–67. The service of the loan has so far been amply covered by public receipts and it is


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* * *

Dealings started this week in the new Cable and Wireless stocks—the 4 per cent. funded income stock (in which the arrears of preference dividend were paid) at 100¾, and the new ordinary stock at 83. The 4 per cent. funded income stock should appeal to insurance companies. Its service requires £61,500, which would be covered on last year's consolidated earnings nearly eighteen times. The stock is redeemable by a cumulative sinking fund of 1 per cent., which means a maximum life of 41 years. For small investors I should regard it as rather too long-dated and too low-yielding. The new ordinary stock remains a gamble, but not an uninteresting one. It is a highly geared equity whose prospects depend mainly on the volume of international trade. Allowing for the service of the new funded stock, the consolidated earnings of the company last year (when the traffic index stood at an average of 74.4) amounted to 1.93 per cent. on the new ordinary stock. Each point rise in the traffic index means nearly ¾ per cent. on the new ordinary stock. For the first five months of the year the traffic index averaged 84.6, so that at this rate (assuming the income from Marconi and investments remains the same) the new ordinary stock would earn about 9 per cent. Speculators will watch the traffic index closely. For as the following table shows, it is a guide to consolidated earnings on the new ordinary stock:

| Traffic Index. | Consolidated Earnings. |
|---|---|
| 75 | 2.00% |
| 80 | 5.85% |
| 85 | 9.35% |
| 90 | 12.85% |

The directors hope to pay 4 per cent. on the new ordinary stock for 1937. At the present price of 83 it would yield £4 16s. 6d. per cent. on a dividend of 4 per cent. If earnings of 8 per cent. are shown on the new ordinary stock this year the 5½ per cent. preference dividends would be covered 1.6 times. At 104½ to yield £5 5s. 3d. per cent. this preference stock should appeal to large and small investors, but the high yield offered indicates that the margin of cover for dividends may never be very large.

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Company Meeting

# ANGLO-SPANISH CONSTRUCTION

## WORKING OF THE RAILWAY

## CONDITIONS UNDER THE FRANCO ADMINISTRATION

AT the Twelfth Annual General Meeting of The Anglo-Spanish Construction Company Limited, held at 1, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., on Thursday, July 8th, the Chairman, Mr. David McA. Eccles, said that during the year a further 5 per cent. had been distributed on the Debentures outstanding, making them 65 per cent. repaid. It was not the board's intention to distribute any of the remaining cash in hand until after the civil war had given place to more settled conditions.

Weekly remittances of foreign exchange had ceased in July, 1936. The company had the undisputed right, expressed in a contract between the Currency Control Committee and itself, to export gold if and when foreign exchange was not forthcoming. In spite of strong representations, the Valencia Government had so far failed to fulfil this contract, which, if it were honoured, would do much to prove that Government's good faith.

### THE SANTANDER-MEDITERRANEO RAILWAY.

Referring to the effect of recent events upon the Santander-Mediterraneo Railway, the Chairman said that 1935 was a year of increasing discontent and consequent economic stagnation, which accounted for the rise in the deficit on operations to 642,000 pesetas. In the first half of 1936 things went from bad to worse. Social legislation that had previously been introduced threatened to impose conditions under which efficient exploitation would have been impossible. Although the line was running at a loss, demands for increases in pay and other additions to costs were put forward which, had they come into operation, would have had the effect of raising the wages bill by 150 per cent., although no upward revision in tariffs could have been made to offset these changes. Conditions became so threatening in the early months of the year that special insurances had to be taken out against aggression and personal attacks upon the administration and higher categories of the staff.

In July civil war broke out. Since the first day of hostilities the whole area served by the Santander-Mediterraneo Company's railway system had remained under the control of General Franco's Government. Between July 18 and 27 of last year there were some minor interruptions in the train services; but since the latter date the system had been regularly and efficiently operated, and the shareholders would be interested to hear that no special precautions by way of supervision had had to be taken, and that the general sympathy with the Nationalist cause in the provinces through which the line passed had been sufficient guarantee of peaceful and satisfactory working conditions.

### CURRENT YEAR'S IMPROVED TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

Traffic receipts were affected by the dislocation in trade at the beginning of hostilities, and the year closed with a deficit of approximately 1,200,000 pesetas. However, in 1937, in spite of the loss of the coal traffic, which normally provided a high proportion of the total, takings had shown a vigorous recovery, and for the first four months were 30 per cent. better than those for the same period of the previous year and 12 per cent. better than the corresponding figures in 1935. The staff was to be congratulated upon this excellent achievement, not forgetting that the administration of General Franco's Government was responsible for the conditions in which this recovery had been made.

At a General Meeting of Debenture-holders, held at the conclusion of the shareholders' meeting, an extraordinary resolution was passed postponing the fixed redemption date and interest payment to September 30th, 1939.

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, July 18th, at 11, THE REV. NORMAN D. FLETCHER: "RESPECT FOR PERSONS IN THE MODERN WORLD." 7.0, MR. BLACKHAM, MRS. FLEMMING, DR. PRYNS HOPKINS: "A BASIS OF UNION FOR THE ETHICAL CHURCH." Service to be followed by a Conference.

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 18th, REV. ST. VINCENT ARMSTRONG, B.A. Subject: "THE IMPATIENCE OF JOB."

THE SEX EDUCATION CENTRE; Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street, King's Cross. Open Mondays 7–9 p.m. May–July. Library Books 2*d.* a week; consultations 1*s.* Programme of lectures sent on request.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, July 18th, at 11 a.m.: RT. HON. LORD SNELL, P.C., C.B.E.: "THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND WORLD LEADERSHIP." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE threat of war in the Far East is still, as we write, only a threat. All the preparations have been made on either side—including a far more effective-looking preparation by the Chinese than most of us had expected. But there is yet ground for hope that the powder barrel will not explode. An agreement for the withdrawal of troops from certain positions in the Peking area was come to early in the week, and this was partially carried out. General Feng Chi-han's men, indeed, defied their orders and refused to leave Wanping, but this need not be taken too seriously. The chances are that the Japanese will get what they want—or at least enough to go on with for the moment—without fighting for it; Chiang Kai-shek has put up an impressive show of resistance, which may give him some temporary advantage in negotiating terms, and which was in any case forced upon him by the strength of anti-Japanese feeling in China. He is not yet strong enough for a full-dress war. But China is growing stronger: Japanese pressure will some day fuse China into a nation—at a terrible price.

### The Madrid and London Fronts

Fierce fighting has continued on the Madrid front this week. The rebels claim not only to have inflicted heavy casualties on the loyalists, but to have recovered a large part of the ground recently lost. But reports from the Government side on Tuesday declared that the offensive had spent itself and failed. Meanwhile another battle has begun on the London front—inconclusive as yet, but with the advantage on the first day to General Franco's friends. The Non-Intervention Committee agreed in principle on the first proposal in the British plan—the establishment of a "control" scheme in Spanish ports—and there agreement ended. Lord Plymouth wanted to discuss next the withdrawal of "volunteers." But this, Count Grandi objected, with the support of the German and Portuguese representatives, would be putting the cart before the horse. The items must be taken in the order in which they would make withdrawal of volunteers dependent on recognition of belligerent rights instead of recognition on withdrawal. Of course, the Fascist *bloc* know that such a procedure would be fatal to the plan; that was their intention, and the suggestion of the Portuguese Ambassador, that the "misunderstanding" which had arisen was not a fundamental issue, was a thin sort of joke. Since no compromise was possible, the Committee adjourned till later in the week. We do not know whether, when it meets again, Germany and Italy will stick to their contention. But if they do not we may be sure they will have another manoeuvre for obstructing withdrawal and spinning out the grim farce and that Britain will continue to prefer to play the role of willing dupe.